The People's Press.

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THE WISDOM OF AGE.

"Wouldst thou have back thy life again?
I asked an aged man;
"Couldst thou not grander ends attain,
And better life's whole plan?"

"No, son," he said: "I rest content,
And calmly wait the end.
One life alone to man is lent,
To waste or wisely spend.

"If with the knowledge years bestow
We started in the race,
All plans might meet with overthrow
And shame us with disgrace.

"No combination man can make
Insures complete success;
The lucky winner takes the prize
He won by random guess.

"I would not say chance rules below—
And nature shows design;
Life is not like the dice's throw,
Luck follows laws divine.

"Some men are born to grace a throne,
Some to a leper's doom;
Yet equal light for both hath shone
Their spirits to illume.

"My life has run through light and shade—
The end is drawing near;
I long for rest all undismayed,
And ask not back one year."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

AN OCEAN CHASE.

BY A DETECTIVE.

"Aha! Burleigh, here's a job for you—one that's got game in it, and a long chase, perhaps."

It was the chief of the Scotland Yard detective force who spoke, as he stepped into the private office. A knot of "hale fellows well met," and I, an American, among the number, were engaged in a game of whist. I threw down my cards. The chief handed me a telegram, which read as follows:

READING. — Charles Burton, the infant heir of Beenham lodge, was stolen from the lodge last night, it is suspected, by the nurse, in whose charge it was placed. She has disappeared. She is tall; blonde hair, blue eyes; graceful and easy in her manners, and wears a plain, dark costume. Large reward for her capture, and the recovery of the child. EDWARD PORDAGE.

"Where is Beenham lodge?" I inquired, as soon I had glanced at the dispatch.

"Near Reading."

"The nurse will come to London with the child."

"That is not so certain. This is doubtless a scheme to remove the heir to the Beenham estate by some person or persons who are itching to obtain possession after Sir Edward Pordage's death."

"Then you think they will not run the hazard of bringing the child here?"

"Certainly not."

With a flash my mind was made up. I started out of the office, and in a few minutes was in a train that was bearing me at a rapid rate toward Reading.

Upon my arrival I secured a private conveyance, and, after a drive of a few miles, was landed at the entrance to the lodge. I was met by a gentleman, who received me with much warmth and withal agitation when I informed him that I had been placed on the case.

"The object of my hasty visit is to glean some of the facts in the case, and to follow up any intelligent clew, if there be any. Was this your child that was stolen, Sir Edward?"

"Bless you, no! I am a bachelor—never was married. Charles Burton was the child of my sister. I am his uncle, and by will have made him the lineal male heir to the Beenham estates."

"Have you any other relatives, Sir Edward?"

"Yes; another sister, a spinster, Miss Applebee Lowage, lives with me, and has been my housekeeper for many years. She has also managed much of my business affairs of late, as I feel the weight of years increasing upon me."

"Who was the nurse, and what was her name?"

"My spinster sister's waiting maid. Her name is Percy—Miss Jane Percy. A more docile, winning, and obedient servant we have never had in our employ. Charles Burton's mother died soon after Charles was born, and we took the helpless little infant to our home and nursed it with the tenderest care. Miss Percy took such an interest in the child that she was given the sole charge, and seemed to love it with a mother's love. Oh, I trust no harm has befallen it, wherever it has been taken?"

"What is its age?"

"About a year."

"What motive, think you, was there for the abduction of the child?"

"None that I can see, unless the expectation of securing a large reward for its return."

"Then you do not suspect that a plot has been formed among some branch of your relatives for the removal of the child?"

Sir Edward stopped for a moment, as if a flash of new light had entered his mind; but he stamped his ponderous cane on the floor and indignantly replied:

"My relatives steal that poor, helpless babe! No, perish the very thought of it. Not one could so dishonor the name of Applebee or Pordage."

As I arose to depart, an elderly lady of the genuine spinster type walked gravely into the room and glanced furtively at me as she advanced.

"This is Mr.—Mr."—

"Burleigh," I interjected, to help the old man's memory.

"He's a detective sent down from London to discover our poor lost child, and he wants to get all the information he can. Sister, give him all you can. You know what Miss Percy wore and what clothing the child had on."

"I presume, Sir Edward, you can do that," she replied, rather tartly, and seeming to shrink from having anything to communicate.

Without wishing to force the matter, and making an apology for haste, I took my departure, and I was soon back in London. I went at once to my room, and picking up a good-sized gripsack, threw in some of my clothing, with the expectation that I might be required to make a long journey. Going out into the street, I ordered a cab and was driven to the Inman line of steamers, where I ascertained the City of Richmond was expected to leave Liverpool early the next morning.

"You have your passenger list, I presume?" I inquired of the clerk.

"Certainly."

"Will you please allow me to look at it?"

"With pleasure."

I glanced along the list of names, but could not see the one for which I was searching. I handed the paper back and was about turning away, when the thought occurred to me that it would do no harm to question the official a little further.

"Do you sell the London passage tickets?"

"Yes, sir"—somewhat sharply.

"Do you recollect selling a ticket to a tall lady with blue eyes, blonde hair, and attired in a dark costume?"

"Very distinctly. I was attracted by her beauty. She's a lovely woman."

"And she purchased a ticket?"

"Two tickets."

"Two tickets!" I ejaculated with some surprise, which drew the attention of the clerk. For once I had been thrown off my guard.

"And she had a child with her—in her arms?"

"I saw no child. I took her to be a young lady who might not object to a good husband."

"Strange!"

"No, I don't think so. She never was a mother."

"Perhaps not; but then"—

"Then what?"

"She might have some one else's child, you know;" and I hastened out of the office and went to the railroad station, where I had the good fortune to catch the night express for Liverpool. So sure was I that I had got upon the trail of the child abductor, that I felt annoyed at every little delay along the route. My mind was in a glow of excitement. The game was big, but shy and cunning. Nothing less than the bird in the hand would make me feel any certainty of success. I must reach Liverpool before the City of Richmond took her departure. If not, the pursuit would be longer, and might end in failure even then. When half the journey had been made, and the train was whirling through the darkness at a tremendous speed, there was a sudden stoppage that foreboded no good. We came to a dead stop. One of the drivers of the engine had broken down. The situation was interesting and rather exasperating to me. Some of the passengers slept on, oblivious to their surroundings. Not so with me. I fretted and chafed with disappointment.

Two hours wore on. When at length the injury had been repaired, and the train started on its course, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I could not reach Liverpool before the steamer sailed. I resolved to take the chances, and so I curled myself up within my own thoughts. Just as I had feared, the steamer had sailed upon my arrival in Liverpool.

My next thought was to cable to New York, giving a description of the woman and child, and have the former arrested. This would bring others into the case. I wanted the honor and reward myself. Beside, after careful reflection, I thought I might be on the wrong scent. The personal description seemed to tally.

The two tickets, no babe in the woman's charge, and other circumstances led me to think that, after all, I might be mistaken.

The thought of defeat drove me to devising every scheme for pursuit.

A new idea popped into my head. I rushed to the office of the Guion line.

"When does your first steamer sail?" I inquired of the clerk.

"To-morrow afternoon."

"What's her name?"

"The 'Alaska.'"

"The 'Alaska,' eh?"

"Yes."

"She's a quick one?"

"Fastest vessel afloat."

"Do you think she can reach New York before the Inman's 'City of Richmond,' which sailed this morning?"

"I should think so—will probably distance her by a day."

"That would make a difference of over two days.

"What of that, barring accidents?"

Thrusting my hand into my pocket, I said:

"I want a cabin passage to New York."

"Your name, sir?"

"James Burleigh, an American detective, anxious to cross the ditch and get back home."

With a somewhat contented spirit I went to a hotel and waited for the hour of the "Alaska's" departure. I felt that I was still in the race, but my competitor having such a start, while I was left practically at the post, I was not so confident of winning, after all.

Anyway, I was glad to sail for the land of my birth. The novelty of having been sent to England and the Continent in quest of some noted criminals who were wanted in the States had worn away, and I longed to see my friends once more.

Nothing of special note occurred during the passage across. The noble vessel seemed as fleet as the wind. Day by day I studied with eagerness the log of the vessel to learn our rate of speed. Good fortune favored us with fair weather and sea.

Upon our arrival at quarantine we learned that the "City of Richmond" had not yet reached port—in fact, was not expected till the next day. I came up to the city, engaged my rooms at the hotel, and made what preparations were needed for the execution of my plans.

Lest the steamer might arrive at night, I stayed that night at Staten Island, to be near at hand. The precaution was unnecessary, as she did not arrive till the next day.

Accompanied by the health officers and others, I was soon on board, and walked through the saloon cabin with the nonchalent air of a person who had no other business than to hum a tune or twirl a cane. There was the usual bustle for disembarking. My eye could not catch the object of my search. Perhaps she was in her state-room. I would wait and see.

The vessel was rounding into her pier, but still no person who could by any stretch of the imagination be said to resemble the one I wanted.

I rambled backward and forward, and then ascended to the aft of the steamer. There stood a tall, shapely woman, with her back turned toward me. She was twirling her sunshade and seemed absorbed in gazing at the many sights that commanded her view.

I ventured to approach the rail. My presence attracted her attention; she turned her face toward me, there were momentary mutual glances. What a handsome face! What a charming figure!

Stepping nearer, I ventured, in the most polite manner, to speak:

"Glad to get back from your foreign tour, I presume, Miss——"

"Benson is my name."

"Miss Benson, I took you to be an American lady. I am an American, returning, after a long absence, to my native land."

"I am so tired of this ship. How glad I will be when I step on shore again! It won't be long now—will it, sir?"

"But a few minutes."

"Pshaw! I've made a mistake," thought I. "This lady hasn't blonde hair. Her eyes are more a steel gray than blue. Her costume is a steel-gray traveling suit. Then she is alone."

But I thought I detected a decidedly English accent in her conversation.

If she were Miss Jane Percy, where could the child be? If she had a companion, male or female, where was that mysterious personage? I must not be foiled at this stage of the game. Once on land and swallowed up in the maelstrom of the masses, the child-stealer and the child might soon lose their identity, I must act quickly.

Confronting the fair woman, I said, in a stern voice:

"Your name is not Benson. You are Miss Jane Percy, the abductor of the nephew of Sir Edward Pordage, of Beenham, England. I am a detective. You are my prisoner."

The woman stood transfixed. Her form trembled—her cheeks blanched at this sudden encounter. Although capable of calm self-possession, she was thrown off her guard. Woman-like, her emotions overcome her, and she fell at my feet.

"Where is the child?"

She hesitated, and falteringly moaned:

"In the steerage."

She conducted me there, when my eyes fell upon the heir of Beenham Lodge, crowing in the arms of a fat Irish nurse.

I saw that my beautiful prisoner was comfortably provided for till the sailing of the next steamer, and had the pleasure of placing the young heir in the arms of old Sir Edward. The spinister sister, stung at the action of her brother in making the line of the Burtons, instead of the Applebees, the successors of his large estates, had concocted this plot to abduct the child.

True to his promise, Sir Edward bestowed upon me such a handsome reward that, with ordinary caution, the wolf need never howl at my door.

Monsters of the Deep.

A thrasher shark caught off the New England coast recently measured over fifteen feet in length. It stove in a plank of the dory, nearly upsetting the boat, and destroyed a net valued at $500. A costly catch.

The shell of a fossil turtle of a tertiary time unearthed in India and placed in the British museum, was nearly nine feet in length and twenty-seven in width. Its feet were as large as those of a rhinoceros, and when alive the animal must have been over twenty feet long and have weighed several tons.

The largest living animal is the rorqual whale, one hundred and two feet in length; the smallest, the amoeboid forms. Whales and elephants live to the greatest age, 130; May flies the shortest, only a few hours. The most intelligent of the lower animals, ahead even of the Australian bushmen and others, are the ants.

The contents of a shark caught at Virginia, Fla., show that these animals are valuable scavengers. The items were as follows: one complete horn of an ox, with part of skull attached, three hoofs, two tomato cans, a quantity of old rope, twenty-seven crawfish, and the remains of a part of a horse. A slaughter house in the vicinity was the explanation.

Among the deep sea fishes one has been found, the Bathyophis ferox, living off the Australian coast, at a depth of three and a half miles. It was totally blind, but provided with oval luminous spots along its lower surface, and on the head. These are supposed by some naturalists to have as much the functions of eyes as those of the mollusks.

Large fishes are nearly always accompanied by the remora, a fish that has a sucking disk upon its head. When tired they turn over on their backs and attach themselves, and are thus carried along by the fish. The remora of the sword-fish is remoropsis brachypterus, that of the spear-fish is rhombochirus osteochir; other kinds are found upon sharks, turtles, and even on the sheepshead.

Vegetarian Restaurants.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the London restaurants which one is most likely to find overcrowded at the usual luncheon hour are precisely those which supply the public with only vegetable articles of diet, or, at least, with nothing that has involved the taking away of animal life. There are now at least four such restaurants in London. Enter any one of them about midday, or between 1 and 2, and you will probably find that you will have to look well about you before you can find place at a table. Perhaps you may even have to stand for some minutes waiting your turn for one of the places already in occupation. What does this mean? Does it imply that London is rapidly getting converted to the principles of vegetarianism? Is it a regard for the sacredness of animal life that induces so many to satisfy themselves with a vegetarian luncheon? Or is it a respect for any of the other arguments which vegetarians so fervently adduce in support of their principles? We suspect not. We can hardly believe that an innovation of this nature is making such rapid way merely on the strength of high abstract principles. If the matter were inquired into, it would no doubt be found that but a small proportion of those who come for vegetarian luncheons are strict vegetarians, or even have strong vegetarian leanings. Beyond the attractiveness of name in which vegetarian restaurant keepers vie with the vender of beefsteak in striving to allure customers, there must be other attractions which enable them to be so successful as they are. First among those attractions must be reckoned, as we are bound to acknowledge, the wonderful, varied, palatable, and even appetizing nature of the diet itself. In a vegetarian bill of fare a bewildering variety of vegetables appears in a still more bewildering variety of disguises. There are soups of a quite novel description; there are salads and savories; puddings and other sweets, cold and hot; fruits cooked and uncooked, and various farinaceous and other addenda.—*London Globe.*

A Railroad Around the World.

A railroad around the world, or something nearly of that nature, is evidently in the mind of one of our correspondents, who suggests the employment of our surplus revenue in building the line from Oregon to Alaska, and that then the Russian government would be likely to extend the line through Siberia to Pekin. This having been done, it requires not much further stretch of imagination to see, with the mind's eye, the long rails stretching out under the shadows of the Himalayas until they make connection with the proposed line in the Jordan valley, and thence with the European system.—*Scientific American.*

The trades-unions of England have a membership of 600,000; those of the United States, 247,000.

LIFE AMONG THE LEPERS.

SAD SCENES AMONG THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

Taking Dinner at the Leper Settlement of the Kingdom of Hawaii —Daily Life of the Lepers.

A correspondent of the Chicago *News* has been describing the leper settlement of the Sandwich Islands at Kalawao. He says the lepers were called to dinner "by the ringing of a bell, to whose rope a Chinaman attached himself and swung backward and forward for about ten or fifteen minutes. The cook-house and eating-room are under the same roof. There was a long range, a simple outfit of pots and pans and other utensils, and in charge of it all there was an austere Chinaman, who ruled his subordinates and scullions with a ladle of iron.

"The cook was an atrophical leper, as in contradistinction to one suffering under the tubercule form of the disease, which is by far the most revolting up to a certain last condition. Then the atrophical form twists and turns its victim in all sorts of shapes. His extremities fall crumbling away, and every limb loses its shape. John had not yet succumbed to these worst phases of the malady, but it was evident that he would soon have to give over the active life he had been following. He shambled over to the tubs containing poi, the national dish, and drew back the clean white cloths that covered them. I don't know whether you have ever seen poi or not, but it is as like melted lard in appearance as possible, and contains the element of food and drink. It is a little sour and is made from a tuber called kara, resembling a potato. The natives eat it with their fingers, fetching it to their mouths by a graceful gesture, which the whites in vain attempt to follow. I remember the first time I saw poi eaten was at a native feast. My particular companion was a dark-haired, dark-faced woman, known as the Princess Like Like, but prefewing to be called Mrs. Archibald Cleghorn, because she married a man of that name. She dressed from Paris and had a new hat from Regent street, and she wore gloves of at least twenty buttons' length. The Kanaka women can dress, and do, when they have the money. After the roast pig and cocoanut milk came poi. When the tub reached my companion she stripped her shapely arm, and, making a kind of spoon-shape form with her fingers, dipped into the tub and swung her elbow outward and brought the contents of her fist in a sweeping curve to her lips. It was nearly a teacupful of the food, but she swallowed it at a gulp without spilling a drop or leaving on her red lips a particle of the food. I glanced around; the foreigners were watching me. I made a resolve; down went my fist, up came about a teaspoonful, dripping everywhere and flying off the tangent of my hand it reached——.' No, I beg your pardon, not my mouth, but, in equal quantities, my shirt-front and the lady's cheek. The people yelled with delight, and I made shift to clean myself from the plight I was in. Ah, well! it was a happy accident, for after that the lady fed me herself, and with such an attendant I would never learn to eat for myself.

"But from this pleasant recollection I must turn to the sixty or seventy gallons of poi which forms a part of the lepers' dinner. It is in good preservation, and in very clean tubs. Then there is a great copper of salted fish which has been boiled and boiled till it has no longer any resemblance to fish except by the presence of bone and skin, which don't increase its palatableness. The bread is from coarse flour, but is tolerably sweet. All these having been put upon the oilcloth spead out upon the floor, the Chinaman rings the bell in the manner I have described, and the lepers come hopping in. There is not room for all of them, and great numbers come to carry away food to places where they may eat it at their leisure, but nearly four hundred find shelter in the mess-room, the women having one end, the men the other. The fish and the poi was swept into their mouths the same way, there being neither spoons nor knives and forks. They all ate out of the tubs together. One might think that the more virulent types of the disease would be disseminated, but if such is indeed the case there is no doctor to find it out, or way to check it. When they had finished Father Damen said grace very briefly, and they dispersed. Some went one way to get in the shade, others scooted off to their cottages to sleep, and a few went to work in their gardens. But they took little interest in their work, in fact, they soon joined the indolent majority and lay blinking in the sun and shade, apathetic, hopeless, but patient, lost to the world already and half the trials of death already overcome, but nine the happier for that reason.

Not a laugh did I hear, nor a jest, nor a happy word. Occasionally a smile, in response to a kind word, would struggle out from the leathern-colored faces, but the sparkle in the eyes would soon die out and the shriveled lips fall back to their places. At 5 o'clock tea was given, and after that came sick call. Every leper attended that. They brought bottles in which were given them solutions of iodide of patassium. Then they passed in line, displaying their sores, which are rarely bandaged, and upon which the attendant plastered, with a wooden spoon, great chunks of mercurial ointment. It was a sad procession of the afflicted, a more pitiful sight than I care to describe, probably more sad than the most morbidly inclined of my readers would care to know of."

The Youngest Soldier.

The smallest, shortest, and youngest enlisted soldier in the Union army is said to have been John H. Nichols, of Madison, Wis., a drummer in the band of the Eleventh Wisconsin infantry, and now living in Madison. He was fourteen years old when he enlisted, weighed sixty-five pounds, and was just four feet high. So far as youth is concerned in this matter priority seems to be pretty definitely settled in favor of "Little Johnny" Clem, the "drummer boy of Chickamauga," who was only nine years old when he entered the army. Captain Clem, who is also below the average stature, is now in command of the United States Schuylkill arsenal.—*Troy Times*

Treating Dyspepsia with Sand.

Dr. G. Kerlus argues, from the facts of comparative physiology, that fine sand is a good thing for dyspeptics to take with their food. Herbivorous animals all eat a little dirt with their regular food, and it makes it more "porous." Fowls and birds of all kinds also take sand with their meals. Why not, therefore, man? says Dr. Kerlus. Putting this brilliant piece of inductive reasoning into practice, he has administered finely ground sand with the food of his patients, and of course reports cures.

THE QUEEREST OF TOWNS.

HOW IT SURROUNDS THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

Churches and Faro Banks Inextricably Mixed—A Bird's-Eye View of the Place.

A Hot Springs (Ark.) correspondent of the New York *Times* says of this famous Southwestern resort: "The little city that has grown up around the springs is like no other place under the sun. It is a great hospital, with the patients forever sunning themselves on the sidewalks; it is a California mining town, with buildings springing up in a night, and the music of hammers and saws ringing everywhere; it is a progressive Yankee town in Massachusetts, with a good fire department, fine water-works, good city government, and a handsome brick opera-house; it is a very religious place, with a dozen or twenty churches of all denominations, twice as many ministers, and a great assortment of church fairs, sociables and Bible societies; it is a paradise of gamblers, with fifty faro banks open day and night, Sunday included; the moral tone of the place is kept up by a saloon to about every four inhabitants; it has a little police force dressed exactly in the New-York uniform; it has three or four brass bands that seem to be playing day and night, and that make a specialty of being drawn through the principal streets in chariots every Sunday afternoon, playing "Tommy, make room for your uncle;" it has street-cars, gas-works, scores of electric lights, telephones, banks, daily newspapers, big hotels—all the attributes of civilization. It has 6,000 inhabitants and 6,000 or 8,000 visitors every year. There is a very heavy penalty for carrying concealed weapons, yet every man is a walking arsenal. In the streets are cowboys, tramps, city men from nearly every big American city, cripples, Chinaman, gamblers, Italians, and negroes. It combines, in short, the characteristics of towns in New England, in California, in Texas, in Georgia, and in the free and enlightened Commonwealth of Arkansas.

As a natural wonder, the Hot Springs deserve to rank with Niagara Falls and the Mammoth cave. No two people see these things alike; but to me to see fifty springs of hot water pouring forever out of the rocks is a greater curiosity than to see the Niagara river take its grand tumble. There are other hot springs in America, but none to compare with these in magnitude or heat. They all come out within a small space on the side of the Hot Springs mountain, and in most of them the water is so hot that a man would not care to dip his fingers in it more than once. Any of the springs will cook an egg in a very few minutes. People go across the street with their cans, fill them with water before breakfast, and return home, and with this naturally hot water cook eggs, steep tea, and afterward wash the dishes. It is as pure and tasteless as any water that bubbles from the earth, and excellent for cooking. After bathing in it a short time, but not less than two or three weeks), the hair seems more than naturally charged with electricity; and you can go to any of the springs and drink glass after glass just as it comes out of the rock without the nausea that usually follows a draught of hot water. But these are the only indications that the Hot Springs water contains any medicinal properties whatever; for it is entirely tasteless, and analyses have failed to discover any minerals except such as are found in all water. They have made the mistake here that is made in most such places of putting buildings over nearly all the springs—for visitors like to see the actual issuing of the water from the earth. But this can still be seen to some extent, for there are dozens of little outlets that are not counted, that pour their tiny steaming streams into the Hot Springs creek. This creek runs entirely through the valley, through the main street, and in places it is naturally walled with a curious black stone that I can call nothing but burned rock. It has certainly been burned in a volcano, and not very long ago. Some of it is soft enough to crumble in the hand, and the marks of fire are still upon it. Through this black rock the little rivulets trickle into the creek, every one of them steaming; and I have gone into the street early on a frosty morning, when the whole place looked like a vast tea-kettle, with steam rising everywhere.

When nature got done making the Ozark mountains she seems to have had a dozen little mountlets of assorted sizes left over, and these she scattered about "kinder permiskus like," as an Arkansas man would say. Two of them landed here together, one subsequently being called the Hot Springs mountain, and the other the West mountain. All the hot springs are in the Hot Springs mountain, within a quarter of a mile of each other. There are springs in the West mountain, but they are all cold. The two mountains are so close together you could stand on the summit of one and shoot a bird out of a tree on the summit of the other—provided you could shoot straight enough, and the bird would sit still. The valley between them is not more than a hundred feet wide, and through this runs the principal business street of Hot Springs. The stores are all on one side of it, for the other side is the base of the Hot Springs mountain, which belongs to the government, and there is nothing on it but bath-houses. The streets curve around between other mountains, nearly every street following the bed of a creek, and they are spreading in every direction till the map of the city looks like a portrait of a drunken devil-fish. The city being 700 feet above sea level, and the tops of the mountains about 1,200 feet above that level, the mountains must be 500 feet high. Their sides run almost straight up, particularly the West mountain. So the back yards of all the stores are slices of mountains. There are three large hotels—the Avenne, the Arlington and the Waverly. The first two are about the size of the old Long Branch hotels; the Waverly is not quite so large. Then there are half a dozen hotels in the next strata, as to size, and below them about fifty where board can be had for six dollars, eight dollars and ten dollars a week, warranted to kill or cure in one month.

The bath-houses are curious studies. The principal avenue runs north and south, and they monopolize the eastern side of it, at the foot of the Hot Springs mountain. There are about a dozen of them owned by individuals, but all paying tribute to the government. They extend from the Arlington hotel to the post-office block, nearly a quarter of a mile. Even in their names they are curious. Beginning at the top of the street, the first is the "New Rector." I thought for some time that the place was so named because a new rector is pretty sure to give satisfaction; and it was hoped that this bath-house would. But it is named after the old Rector family here, and, being a new building, is called the New Rector. Next is the "Big Iron." It is built of iron, certainly, but no stretch of the imagination could make it big. Its name is derived from the spring over which it is built, and which is supposed to possess peculiar properties. I think there is nothing in this, however, for the government has built large brick reservoirs into which the water of all the springs is run. From these reservoirs all the bath-houses are supplied, and there is practically no difference. Other bathing-houses are the Ozark, named after the neighboring mountains; the Independent, the Palace, the Old Hale, and the Rammelsburg, named after its owner; This latter uses water from a magnesia spring, which is recommended in some cases. Up in the New Rector house, the superintendent in charge is no less a person than the mayor of the city, Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen Linde, who also does a flourishing dental business; so he does not seem to be wasting his time. He is a live, go-ahead mayor, and deserves credit for what he has done.

Her Last Request.

"I do not doubt you."

Esmerelda W. Pike spoke these words in clear, ringing tones, but beneath the resonance of her voice there was a faint quivering—the mere suggestion of a sob—that would have told an observant listener the old, old story of a love that was shattered forever, of a beautiful air castle in whose halls stalked only the grim spectres of desolation and woe, and from whose turrets a great sorrow kept silent vigil over a world that could never again seem bright or joyous. Be a girl ever so proud in spirit, be her nature even of the stoical, unyielding kind that can bear disappointment and adversity without a tremor of the muscles or a quiver of the nerves, there is yet one time in her life, one moment of supreme horror and grief, when the sunlight of happiness seems to have faded forever from the horizon of her existence, and the black pall of an agonizing doubt which has at last become a terrible reality, falls upon the ghastly corpse of a dead love—a love cruelly murdered by the one who above all others should have cherished and protected it—the man at whose bidding it has grown and expanded like a beautiful flower that needs only care and attention to be forever a thing of joy.

It is a solemn thing for any man to win the love of a pure and trusting girl—a love that knows no boundaries, that exists only for the one man in all the wide, wide world, at whose heart it is offered up as from an eternal incense, and that when turned aside from the object of its adoration burns with even fiercer flame than before, and leaves behind it only blackened ashes and the charred corpse of a dead and gone affection.

George W. Simpson knew this. He knew that Esmerelda's love for him was not an ephemeral fancy, but a strong, unwavering, you-can-chew-my-gum-while-I-am-reciting passion that would gather intensity and force as the years went by, and that when the autumn of life had come would, like the ripening grain, be even more beautiful and enduring than in the days of its lusty youth. It was this knowledge that made the task of parting forever from Esmerelda such a hard one. But in spite of his tight pants George W. Simpson was a man in whose nature there was a strong element of duty, and he felt that, no matter what present sorrow might arise from such action, it was best that the tie which bound them together—the solemn tie of a plighted troth—should be sundered, rather than that a greater grief, a more blighting misfortune, should fall upon them later in life. And so when he had told Esmerelda—whispered the words to her softly as they stood there beneath the linden trees that soft, autumnal evening, the sighing wind that wafted subtle aroma of corned beef from the next house kissing the fair cheek of the girl and toying with the mass of golden hair that sat upon her head like a crown—there had been in his voice a certain something that told the girl more plainly than could any words that behind the studied calm of his demeanor, far back in the woodshed of his soul, there was a secret—a dark, fly-in-the-cream-pitcher secret, of which she knew nothing.

"What is this terrible mystery that enshrouds your action, darling?" asked the girl, looking up to him in the dumb agony of an awful grief. "Even though we are to be separated forever, it seems to me that I have yet a right to know what it is that has desolated our lives. Can you not grant this, my last request?"

"No," he says, in a voice that is hoarse with agony, "I dare not tell you."

"But I demand an answer to my question," she says, imperiously.

He regards her a moment in silence, and then, just as he turns to go, she clasps his arms and looks up to him with a pitiful pleading in her brown eyes.

"For the sake of our dead love," she whispers, "tell me."

Bending over the frail form, George whispers in her ear one little word:

"Chilblains."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Daughter Slavery.

Perhaps the most complete form of slavery to be seen in New York is slavery to one's daughters. All literature has paid homage to woman, but in our age practical life does it.

The New York wealthy man has a daughter or two. He pays but little attention to them while they are children, but it suddenly occurs to him that they are growing beautiful. His wife is sure of this fact, and she begins to dress the girls while they are still children in all the elegance of princesses. They are sent to dancing-schools, to riding-schools, to the finest seminary and put in the opera-box, allowed to know what is going on at all the theatres and carried to the watering places, and before they know anything of their country they are sent to Europe, where, as my friend, the consul, who has just arrived, says, he has seen girls not seventeen years of age provided with wardrobes of fifteen to thirty silk dresses, with hose of variegated silk, diamonds in their ears, and everything that life ought to yield toward its termination they are satisfied with upon the very threshold. With fine food and fine wine their complexions become elegant; they are seldom away from the dentist's a week having their teeth fixed. The most cosmopolitan society is introduced to them, and they look down with indifference upon the boys of their own age; or, if they marry, soon upbraid their husbands for not keeping up the luxury their parents spoiled them with.—*New York Letter.*

The University of Texas has nearly 1,000,000 acres of land to sell or lease.

THE NATIVES OF ALASKA

MODES OF LIFE OF THE AMERICAN ALEUTS.

Description of Our Subjects in the Alaskan Fur Islands—A Race that is Dying Out.

Hon. Louis H. Kimmell, of Lafayette, Ind., government agent at St. George's island, Alaska, says in the Indianapolis *Journal:*

"The natives of Alaska subsist on seal meat, the meat of the sea lion and on gulls' eggs. In June and July the island is literally covered with gulls. They lay great quantities of eggs, which are gathered by thousands. The eggs are palatable when fresh, but the natives are not particular in that sense. If they are over ripe or have chicks in them they are preferred, being then used in a sort of omelet, which they consider their choicest dish. So with the meat of the seal and the sea lion—the stronger it smells the better they like it. Gathering gulls' eggs looks hazardous, but the natives say there has never but one accident producing death occurred to any one engaged in it. Two men, or as often a man and woman, go together, taking with them a long rope. One, lying down with his feet braced against the solid earth or a stone, holds one end of the rope, while the other descends sometimes near 1,000 feet over the sheer face of a cliff, and then, swinging from side to side, gathers the eggs. The accident occurred through a native going out alone and fastening the rope to a stake or stone. He was found dead at the foot of a cliff, the rope broken. The breaking of the rope was credited to the blue foxes, who were charged with having gnawed it in two. Each winter the Aleuts trap from 1,500 to 3,000 of these foxes, for which the company pays fifty cents each. The skins, cured, readily bring $8 and $9 apiece.

"The Aleuts have no great variety of amusements. They pitch half-dollars, and are expert at it. They also play ball. There are no rules in the game, which appears to be nothing more than knocking about. As there is no timber on the island—not a tree—there is no uniformity in their clubs, anything goes, any kind of a stick or a seal rib. They are intensely fond of cards, and are always playing a Russian card game, which I do not pretend to understand, never having tried to learn it. A while ago they were about at their wits' end to continue their card playing. Their packs were about played out, the spots worn off. They had seen me drawing and coloring, and came with their well-worn cards to put new spots on them.

"It wouldn't do for the ladies here to see the waste of sealskins that I have seen—to see the Aleut women in their fur clothes made of pup seals, which are finer, but, because of their size, not as valuable as the sealskins of commerce.

"They do not estimate things as we do, those misguided Aleuts, and they actually prefer bright calicoes and brass jewelry to sealskin and pure gold. Men and women are fond of dancing, the women especially. Their dances are uncouth and barbarous, but their waltzing is really exceedingly graceful, and they like to dance every Sunday afternoon after coming from their Greek chapel. They are indebted to the Russian sailors and soldiers for their waltz, as they are for their religion. Civilization has almost done for them as it has done for the Sandwich Islanders. There is no leprosy among them, but they have scurvy, and they have loathsome skin diseases. They have a glandular swelling in the neck, which seldom leaves them without a scar. Speaking of dancing, Christmas, in the Greek church, according to the Russian calendar, which is old style, comes twelve days later than with us. Last year they had permission to use the government house, and beginning with their Christmas, they danced every night for two weeks. They are inordinate tea drinkers; that, too, they learned of the Russians, and they keep the tea kettle on day and night. That is the strongest beverage they have, as not a drop of spirits is allowed by the government on the island. Under the Russians they had plenty of whisky, 'vodki,' as the Russians and Aleuts call it, and they have no good will toward this paternal government for depriving them of it. The men, generally, are about five feet two inches in height: the women shorter. It is a mistake to suppose them similar to our Indians. They are not copper-colored. Their features are Mongolian; they have high cheek bones, broad noses, and slant eyes. Some of them are dark, while others have skins much like the Chinese. The effort of the company to educate their children is not likely to come to much. The education is compulsory and in English, but even after the children have learned to read and have left school they have refused to read or speak a word of English. In consequence of their dirty way of living and their generally diseased condition, they die young. The men seldom live to be fifty years old; the women live somewhat longer. They are married in the Greek church, but the marriage tie is hardly observed at all. We keep them all together upon the island and in frame huts, their under ground houses having been destroyed on account of their filthiness and to get rid of the domestic animals, with which they fairly swarmed. All the guns on the island are in charge of the government agent, and never more than three natives at a time are allowed to have guns."

Human Beasts of Burden.

At last the problem of our school days is solved, says a Mexican letter, and we have discovered how Cortez accomplished the overland transportation of that historic fleet of ships, built on the coast and borne over the mountains to the lake of Mexico. Nearly all the labor in this queer country is performed by manpower, few carts or horses being employed. We meet human beasts of burden carrying wardrobes on their heads, pinnos on their backs, or huge blocks of building-stone with apparent ease. Mexican Indians who transport goods from the interior are so trained that they will tire the strongest horse in equal time and distance, carrying from 100 to 150 pounds upon their backs. It is an actual fact that, after making a long trip thus heavily loaded, they fill their baskets with stones on the return, their strained and distorted muscles requiring the accustomed burden.

There was a young man out in Arizona who once declined a pressing invitation to favor a select company with a song. "Oh, really, you must excuse me," he said. "I tell you I can't sing. I don't come of a singing family. Why, there was my old father: he used to try 'Old Hundred,' but he had so little ear for music that he never got any more than ninety out of the tune."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

LOVE'S REQUEST.

Dear heart, when I am dead,
And o'er my grave the lowly grasses creep;
When birds unheeded sing above my head,
And fail to wake me from my dreamless sleep;
I would not have you sorrow o'er my rest,
And mourn with hopeless passion in your breast.

When joyful Spring returns
With myriad buds and blossoms in her train;
When o'er the fields the lilies' watchfire burns,
And violets blossom, wet with April rain;
I would not from your eyes have tears to fall,
Because, dear one, I cannot see it all.

And when the birds again
With music gladden all the summer day,
As if their little hearts ne'er felt a pain;
When all the earth with life and song is gay;
I would not have your young heart sorrowing
Because I cannot hear the glad birds sing.

I would not have the earth—
This beautiful, bright earth, where for us two
So many joys have had their happy birth,
So much of beauty drifted to our view—
Lose for thy heart one charm it held of old,
Because my heart is passionless and cold.

Dear friend, I would not ask
That thoughts of me forever fill your mind,
I would not on your life impose the task,
Mid all earth's brightness and its joy, to find
Only dark shadows, sorrowing and woe—
Ah! no, dear one, I would not have so.

But when the day is done,
And all its heart-aches and its cares laid by;
When from the west slow sinks the setting sun,
And evening's early stars are in the sky;
Should you look upward to the world of air,
And breathe my name in some half-whispered prayer—

Or, when your feet were free
To wander to the low mound where I sleep,
If you should come and calmly think of me,
It seems that in my slumbers cold and deep,
I'd know that you were standing by my side,
And in my inmost soul be satisfied.

—*J. S. Cutler, in Boston Transcript.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Miss Alcott says "she has fallen in love with a great many pretty girls in her life, but never once the least bit with a man." Just so with us.—*Boston Post.*

"When in society never talk of yourself," is the injunction of an authority on etiquette. That is, of course, you should talk about other people.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A young lady of this city, who has a girl in Warren, and one in Corry, and another in Meadville, may be said to be already conducting a circuit court.—*Derrick.*

"Dig graves for old follies and errors," says Ella Wheeler. That's the way to do, dear Ella; but where can you get enough cemetery room for all the corpses?—*Courier-Journal.*

An exchange gravely propounds the following conundrum: "Why are mules said to be stubborn?" The only reason we can think of is because they are.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton is credited

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1884.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
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The PRESS entered its thirty-second volume on January 1st, 1884.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 3, 1884.

☞Our subscribers who wish to pay in wood, would oblige us by delivering it without delay.

—The Episcopal Convention is to meet in Oxford on the 14th of May.

—The order of the Knights of Pythias number 140,000.

—Steamer W. P. Holliday burnt at St. Louis; loss $100,000.

—While a wedding party was crossing a river in Austria, the ice broke and 35 of the guests were drowned.

—Judge Henry Cooper, formerly U. S. Senator from Tennessee, was recently killed in Mexico, by robbers.

—The Western floods are subsiding but much suffering and destruction prevails throughout the flooded districts, accounts of which will be found elsewhere.

—The Greensboro *Bugle* says: Col. Pat. Winston went through to-day from Washington, and says there is not the slightest doubt of the final confirmation of Col. Keogh and Dr. Wheeler.

—The winter travel to Florida is increasing every year. Within the past four months the hotels at Jacksonville show arrivals 4,339 in excess of the number for the same period last year.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—We are in regular receipt of this, one of the most entertaining magazines for the young ever published in this country. It is issued by the Russell Publishing Company of Boston, and mailed to subscribers for $1.50 per annum.

—A special to the Baltimore *Sun* from Washington says:

"Senator Vance says the evidence shows that the blame of the whole affair should be put on the shoulders of the Readjusters, whose orators had worked up the negroes into a frenzy of excitement.

It appears from the tone of Washington letter writers that the "bloody shirt" cannot be brought to wave much, as Sherman's investigating committee is attracting no great attention. The Washington correspondence of the Charlotte *Observer* says: "The political feeling is undergoing a silent but steady change, and the things that once moved men to fierce looks and fiercer words now cause little comment. It is said that Gen. Sherman does not conceal the fact, that he is disappointed at the way his Danville riot investigation is panning out."

The Daily Bugle.

We are pleased to see the Greensboro *Daily Bugle* has again made its appearance. It is a newsy, well conducted paper, and we wish our friend, Jas. W. Albright, the editor and proprietor, much success. Mr. Albright says:

Its publication was suspended, not on account of lack of patronage; but because I believed I could realize as much for myself and better serve the public, by accepting a position on the *Daily Patriot*. That paper suspended Jan. 31, 1884, and my connection with the office terminated. At the solicitation of many friends, I have concluded to resume the publication of *The Daily Bugle*, and ask a liberal share of your patronage.

The Ohio Floods.

During the past week a flood of waters has been pouring down the valley of the Ohio, which takes rank among the most celebrated of these annual overflows. No one who has not witnessed the rush and roar of the irresistible currents in our western rivers when at best, or worst, can form any adequate conception of their grandeur and power.

The Ohio river is, geologically, thousands of years older than the Mississippi, into which it now empties. Ages ago the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico was as high up as Louisville, Ky. This can readily be credited by any one who walks over the remarkable fossil rocks that form the bed of the falls in front of that city. At low water these rocks are uncovered and all the waters of the Ohio pass through what is called the "Indiana Chute," hardly fifty feet wide. With this exception, one walks upon dry rocks from the Kentucky to the Indiana shore. These rocks, solid as granite, are filled with millions upon millions of marine fossils, in which are now cemented the piers which support the Louisville bridge, a mile and a half in length. They demonstrate that it has taken almost countless ages to fit the Mississippi Valley for the residence of man.

For this reason a flood in the Ohio is a very different thing from a flood in the Mississippi. We never see the former river from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles wide as we do the "Father of Waters." In a great flood the waters of all its tributaries pour into its channel which is ordinarily deep enough to carry the entire volume to the Mississippi and thence to the Gulf of Mexico. Sometimes, as during the last week, the banks are overflowed, but it is only a compsratively narrow margin of land that can be flooded. Unfortunately, man in the eager pursuit of wealth, unmindful of disasters in which he may even have had practical experience, builds his home upon this narrow margin. Especially is this the case in the towns and cities. The flood comes, and in a few hours sweeps away the accumulation of years of toil.

STORM AT THE SOUTH.—Near Rome, Georgia, Captain Gordon's barn was blown down and two mules killed. At Jonesboro the colored Methodist church was carried away and several houses unroofed. In the country it is estimated that not less than three hundred small houses and negro cabins were demolished and fifteen hundred poor people rendered homeless.

—Miss Fannie Maybry has reopened the Bellevue hotel at High Point.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 12.—The civil service commission will hold examinations for departmental service at Washington in Montgomery, Ala., February 21st; Jacksonville, Fla., February 29th; Augusta, Ga., March 4th; Atlanta, Ga., March 6th; Knoxville, Tenn., March 5th; Nashville, Tenn., March 7th; Oxford, Miss., March 10th; Juckson, Miss., March 12th.

Treasurer Wyman has issued notice that the supply of one dollar United States treasury notes is exhausted and that no more can be shipped and that the two dollar bills will be exhausted in a couple of days. No more can be furnished to the business community until an appropriation is made for printing them.

WASHINGTON, February 14.—In the House of Representatives, Mr. Green, of North Carolina introduced the following bill to encourage the cultivation of fruits, which was read twice, referred to the committee on agriculture, and ordered to be printed:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall be lawful for any one to manufacture the apples, peaches, grapes, plums, berries, and other perishable fruits raised by himself or his tenants into brandy, from any internal revenue tax or restrictions as now existing.

February 12th Senator Vance introduced a bill to repeal certain provisions of the act approved March 3, 1875, relating to the purchase of arms for the use of the States; which was read twice by its title, and referred to the committee on military affairs. Senator Vance also introduced a joint resolution to authorize Lieut. Henry R. Lemly, United States Army, to accept a position under the government of the United States of Columbia; which was read twice by its title, and with the accompanying papers referred to the committee on foreign relations.

The Danville Riots.

The investigation of the Danville election riots, in Washington City, by the Senate Committee, commenced on the 14th. The statement by witnesses so far is somewhat conflicting.

The *Star* says: There is a remarkable discrepancy in the testimony of the white and colored witnesses, the latter testifying that the negroes were not armed, while some of the former swear positively that many of them were. There is conflict also in other particulars. One thing however, is established, and that is that the negroes determined themselves to abstain from voting, and that there was no effort made by the white people to prevent them from doing so, and that they were assured by leading white citizens that they would not be molested.

The New York *Times*, although the strongest Republican paper in the Union, is honest enough to take a calm view of the Danville riot. It says: "The evidence taken Thursday in the investigation of the Danville riot tends to confirm the conclusion that the affair originated in a personal altercation between a white man and a negro on the street. The excited state of the public mind growing out of local politics brought on the subsequent collision. *There has never yet been the slightest indication that it was the result of a deliberate purpose to intimidate the negroes.* As a matter of fact, they were intimidated, and refrained from voting three days later through fear of violence, but that was a natural result of the disturbance and the feeling which it engendered. Had more time elapsed, the feeling would probably have subsided, though there was a constant state of exasperation on both sides which was likely to cause disturbance on the slightest provocation." The italics are ours; but then the gist of the matter lies right in those words.—*News Observer.*

Foreign.

LONDON, February 17.—General Gordon who has arrived at Khartoum, has had a proclamation posted recognizing El Mahdi as Sultan of Kodofan, remitting half of the taxes and placing no restriction on the slave trade. The Arabs of Khartoum express great satisfaction.

The Governors of various provinces in the West and South of Russia, have applied for reinforcements of troops as the peasants were threatening the landholders.

—The position of affair in the Soudan is such that without a map only a very general notion can be given of the situation. The Red sea is 1,500 miles long and west of it lies the illimitable desert, broken only by the few miles of arable land which skirt the Nile in its tortuous course of nearly 2,000 miles to the delta. Here and there along the Red sea are small villages and on the banks of the Nile from two to five hundred miles in the interior are other towns—the rest is desert. Suakim, now about to be attacked, is on the Red sea—distant 1,000 miles from Suez. Sinkat, which has just fallen, is a smaller village in the same vicinity but still nearer Suez. Berber, where Gordon has just arrived, is on the Nile, about 300 miles across the desert from Suakim. Khartoum, whither he is bound, is some 300 miles still farther up the Nile. On striking Khartoum the character of the country materially changes and becomes very fertile. El Mahdi's forces which last year were confined to this upper region, seem now to be extended, probably by a more general rising, nearly 1,000 miles to the northward. Ordinarily an erroneous impression is entertained of the interior of Africa. A vast extent of country 1,000 miles by 3,000 miles square is desolate and almost uninhabited; but then the best geographers of the world estimate the population of the whole continent at 200,000,000—being four times the population of the United States. How many millions exist in the Soudan claimed by Egypt is hard to estimate—but certainly not less than 20,000,000. These are now mostly in revolt, and the operations will have to be conducted at such a disadvantage that it seems almost impracticable for England to restore the Khedive's lost authority.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Feb. 6—A special from Gainesville says: A convention of colored republicans is in session here. It organized with James Dean president, and the usual number of vice presidents and secretaries. A great wrangle ensued over the call for the convention, some opposing the action looking to an independent organization in the State. Ex-Congressman Menard, of Key West, and Gen Walls favor, and Rev. Joseph H. Lee, deputy collector of customs at Jacksonville, opposes the plan. There has been much wrangling but no rows. The committee on resolutions will report to day. The object of the convention is to inaugurate an independent party movement.

—The disfiguring eruptions on the face, the sunken eye, and pallid complexion, indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the lurking foe to health. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was devised for that purpose; and does it.

—Raleigh *News-Observer*: Wentworth township, one of the largest and most influential in Rockingham county, has adopted the stock law by a majority of 100.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

—John T. Patrick has been re-elected General State Immigration Agent, with an increase of salary.

—Rutherford college is flourishing like a green bay tree. It has on its rolls 200 students and still they come.

—The Charlotte *Observer* says the Mecklenburg Carolina Fair will not be held until the fall of 1885. Mecklenburg will contribute about $1,500 to the State Exposition at Raleigh.

—The Durham *Reporter* says: The large factory of the "Durham Fertilizer Company" succumbed to the heavy weight and one side of the building was crushed out. There was about half a million pounds on the floors at the time.

—Mrs. H. P. Cole, whose husband's recent death deprived the North Carolina Methodist Conference of one of its sterling preachers, has received $2000, from the Order of the Knights of Honor, of which Mr. Cole was a member.

—Dr. M. A. Cheek, who went from Orange county to Siam as a surgeon to the Missionary Board ten years ago, but returned to America last fall, will return to Siam this year, starting perhape about the first of May. His family will remain for a time in America.

—The Presbyterian congregation of Greensboro, in addition to the leave of absence three months last summer, expenses borne by the church, and the stated supply of his pulpit while gone, have just made their pastor, Rev. Dr. J. Henry Smith, an extra purse of $400 in cash.

—Gov. Jarvis has appointed Mr. Jas. G. Martin, Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Major, in the North Carolina State Guards; also Messrs. F. R. Curtis and T. B. Young, aids, with the rank of Captain and Lieutenant respectively.

FIRE IN LEXINGTON.—A Charlotte *Observer* correspondednt of Feb 16, says: This morning about 3 o'clock, a fire was discovered issuing from an old kitchen on the lot of Mr. Mack Heitman on Main street, to the north of this town. It was put out before much damage was done.

—Capt. S. A. Ashe, editor of the Raleigh *News-Observer*, with several associates, has purchased the interest of the Raleigh News Company in that paper, which dissolves the firm of Ashe, Gatlin & Co., and the business will henceforth be conducted by the *News and Observer* Company.

—*News-Observer*: There are in the white department of the institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, at this time, 38 deaf mute boys, 37 deaf mute girls; 26 blind boys, 23 blind girls; a total of 75 deaf mutes and 49 blind; altogether 124. In the colored department there are 17 deaf mute boys, 7 deaf mute girls; 10 blind boys, 4 blind girls; making 24 deaf mutes and 14 blind, a total of 38. The total number of pupils in both departments is 162.

—Foard Knox, a negro, who was under arrest in Mecklenburg county for stealing a mule, shot Mr. Sam Pressly, one of the guards, and escaped. He went near Fort Mills, S. C., and there Mr. W. G. Durant, a constable arrested him and while in the act of tying him he (Foard) snatched Durant's pistol from his hand, shot him and fled. Durant has since died. The negro is still at large.

—Oxford *Orphan's Friend*: Mr. Mills leaves to-day (Friday) for his home at Thomasville, where he will open a school for boys on the first Monday in March. Miss Jordan is in charge, and will act as Superintendent until the election of Mr. Mill's successor. In order to run the Asylum successfully, the contributions must average about $800 per month, or $200 per week.——Rev. Solomon Pool, at one time President of the University at Chapel Hill, is now one of the proprietors of a hotel at Tallahassee, Florida.

—Baltimore *Sun*: Mr. J. H. Henderson, of North Carolina, a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, died yesterday at his boarding-house on North Charles street, of inflammatory rheumatism. Mr.-Henderson came to Baltimore last September to attend lectures at the college. His body was forwarded to his home last night. In respect to his memory the usual lectures at the college were postponed yesterday.

—The Salisbury *Examiner* says: Rev. Dr. Rumple and Mr. T. K. Bruner have devoted much time and great care to the production of a map of the county of Rowan. The work is now completed and ready for the engraver. It has been drawn by careful surveys and is as accurate as it is possible to get a work of the kind.——Mr. Thomas Linn was elected Monday last county superintendent of public instruction.

—Fayetteville *Observer*: Near the village of Rockfish, now quickly reached by the Bennettsville extension of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, is a ridge of sand extending nearly two miles in one direction by half a mile in the other, and fifty or sixty feet deep, which has been pronounced by experts to be as fine sand for the manufacture of glass as exists in this country. Some glass makers in Sherman's Army on their march through this country in 1865; discovered the mine. With our present industrial boom, opportunity occurs for a repetition of the familiar history of the establishment of the Durham business, which resulted from the occupation of that place by Sherman's troops pending the Greensboro surrender.

Gen. Grant's Views on Presidential Timber—He Favors Gen. Logan.

A gentleman who had a conversation with Gen. Grant, quite recently, says that "the ex-President considers Gen. John A. Logan as the most available candidate of all those named, and one whom he would not only support himself, but a candidate whom he would ask all his friends to support. He remarked that he had known Logan from the beginning of the war, and he could testify that he possessed the ability, courage, obedience and endurance of the citizen soldier of our great country to as eminent a degree as the most distinguished on its brilliant roll. In public affairs, he said, Logan has the courage of his convictions; he asserts the integrity of his character even in his own political matters, and that could not always be said of men in political life; and in private life, he added, there is not a man, to my knowledge, who stands so notably the type of honesty of purpose, simplicity of life and virtue.

"The general further observed that there were others also who would fill the office with great ability, men like Edmunds, of Vermont; but his idea seemed to be that Logan was more a man of the people. It was evident that there were those whom the ex-president thought it would be suicidal to nominate, and who in fact would not receive his support. He did not wish to be specific, but could only say that it might be wiser for the nominations to regard the harmony of the party."

—As an article for the toilet, Ayer's Hair Vigor stands unrivalled. It cleanses the scalp and preserves it from scurf and dandruff, cures itching and humors, restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and promotes its growth.

—The following is a list of pensioners in Ashe, Surry, Wilkes and Yadkin counties:

ASHE.—Edw W Grimstead, Concert, g s w l hand, jaw and elbow, $8; Jane Green, Elk Cross Roads, widow, $8.

SURRY.—Ira Inman, Bliss, w l hand, $5; Martha Harbour, Copeland, widow 1812, $8; Telitha Bray, Capeland, widow 1812, $8; Martha Estes, Dobson, widow 1812, $8; Martha T Dunnirant, Dobson, widow 1812, $8; Mourning Southard, Elkin, widow 1812, $8; Elizabeth Money, Elkin, widow, $8; Martha Pike, Flat Shoal, widow 1812, $8; Temperance Abbott, Hay Stock, widow 1812, $8; Henderson Thompson, Judesville, surv 1812, $8; Martha N Higgins, Kapps Mills, widow 1812, $8; Martha C Thompson, Kapps Mills, widow 1812, $8; Mary Auberry, Kapps Mills, widow 1812, $8; Elizabeth Edwards, Kapps Mills, widow 1812, $8; Lydia Creed, Mount Airy, widow, $8; Claramond Booker, Mount Airy, widow 1812, $8; Fanny Childress, Mount Airy, widow 1812, $8; Polly Whitaker, Siloam, widow 1812, $8; Endley Nichols, White Plains, widow 1812, $8.

WILKES.—James McGuinnis, Boomer, surv 1812, $8; Elizabeth Hall, Boomer, widow 1812, $8; Mary Shew, Dellaplane, widow 1812, $8; Martha Ann Ferguson, Elkville, widow 1812, $8; Nelly Carlton, Elkville, widow 1812, $8; Matilta Combs, Hunting Creek, widow 1812, $8; Elizabeth Chambers, Lovelace, widow 1812, $8; Frances Handy, Mulberry, widow 1812, $8; Harrison Church, Mulberry, w l leg and arm, $8; Nancy Welborn, New Castle, surv 1812, $8; Polly Norman, Osbornville, widow 1812, $8; Nancy Hanks, Trap Hill, widow, $8; Peter Brown, Trap Hill, surv 1812, $8; Witliam Dickens, Trap Hill, dis of lungs, $4; Alexander Cantly, Trap Hill, surv 1812, $8; Rebecca J Cantley, Trap Hill, widow, $8; Elizabeth Sturgill, Wilkesboro, widow, $8; Susannah Eller, Wilkesboro, mother, $8; Lucy Gilreath, widow 1812, $8; Susannah Adams, widow 1812, $8; Elizabeth Uusury, Wilkesboro, widow 1812, $8; Nancy Torisley, Wilkesboro, widow 1812, $8; Sarah H Brown, Wilkesboro, widow 1812, $8; Iredell T Prevett, Wilkesboro, inj l knee and bronchitis, $6; Rebecca E Hendrew, Wilkesboro, widow, $8; Mary Mahaffey, Wilkesboro, mother, $8; Adaline Younger, Wilkesboro, widow, $8; John Halloway, Wilkesboro, surv 1813, $8; Elizabeth Gambill, Wilkesboro, widow 1812, $8; Franky Walsh, Yellow Hill, widow 1812, $8; Presley Bussell, Zimmerman, surv 1812, $8.

YADKIN.—John Q Messick, Hamptonville, dis of lungs, $8; John Wm Ireland, Hamptonville, surv 1812, $8; Fanny Lindsay, Hamptonville, widow 1812, $8; Nancy Durham, Hamptonville, widow 1812, $8; Judith Dundalow, Hamptonville, widow 1812, $8; Isaac Jarratt, Huntsville, surv 1812, $8; Mary Prim, Mount Nebo, widow 1812, $8; Catharine Haning, Panther Creek, widow 1812, $8.

The Montreal Ice Carnival.

The ice carnival at Montreal attracted a vast throng of visitors to that city. Of the closing incident on Wednesday last a correspondent writes: "At 8 p. m. tens of thousands of citizens and strangers had taken up their station around Dominion Square, some on galleries erected by enterprising speculators, and others on any spot where standing room could be found. The attraction which brought the multitude of all ages and both sexes was the illumination of the ice palace, and an attack upon its military defenders by 1,500 members of the snow shoe clubs in their bright costumes, with torches and fire-works for throwing over the ice castle. The Grand Square was lighted up as clear as midday from the centre pole by electric light, which from its numerous lamps shed brilliant effulgence over the whole area. Spontaneous cheers went up from the vast assembly when the majestic building was illuminated from within as if by magic, making a noise like thunder, thrilling and weird like. The beauty of the palace, brought out in bold relief by the blending of varied colors within, made such an impression upon the multitude that first it was spellbound, then enraptured. The opening attack was one of the most exquisitely beautiful sights that one could see in a life-time, and of which no word painting could give an adequate description. For nearly an hour fire-works of all kinds and colors played upon the matchless building with a brilliance and splendor that was perfectly ravishing to behold. There were Bengel lights, rockets, Roman candles, jasmine fire and numberless other descriptions of the magician's art that kept playing from without, while the defenders from within were making their batteries resound with the firing from the battlement. Strangers were loud in expressing their wonder and delight at what they had seen, and said they would come all the way from distant parts of the continent to witness such another sight, without anything else to interest them. After the capitulation the snow shoe brigade, torches in hand and bands playing, marched by a serpentine road to the top of Mount Royal and back again. Their ascent was easily seen from below and was a very striking and picturesque feature of the display."

Five Cents a Day.

Brooklyn Eeagle.

The cumulative power of money is a fact very generally known, but not often appreciated. There are few men living at the age of 65, hanging on the existence by some slender employment, or pensioners it may be, on the bounty of kindred or friends but might, by exercising the smallest particle of thrift, rigidly adhered to in the past, have set aside a respectable sum which would materially help them to maintain their independence in their old age. Let us take the small and insignificant sum of five cents, which we daily pay to have our boots blacked, to ride in a car the distance we are able to walk, or to procure a bad cigar we are better without, and see what its value is in the course of years. We will suppose a boy of 15, by blacking his boots, or saving his car fare, or going without his cherished cigarette, put by five cents a day; in one year he saves $18.35, which being banked bears interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, compounded bi-yearly. On the basis, when our thrifty youth reaches the age of 65, set his five cents per day religiously aside during fifty years, the result is surprising. He has accumulated no less a sum than $3,893.17. A scrutiny of the progress of this result is interesting. At the age of 30 our hero had $395; at 40, $877; at $50, $1,667; at 60, $2,962. After fifteen years' saving, his annual interest more than equals his original principal; in twenty-five years it is more than double; in thirty-five years it is four times as much; in forty-five years it is eight times as much, and the last year's interest is $86, or ten and a half times as much as the annual amount he puts by. The actual cash amount saved in fifty years is $912.50, the difference between that and the grand total of $3,893.17, viz: $2,980.67, is accumulated interest. What a magnificent premium for the minimum of thrift that can be well represented in figures.

PLANTATION FOR SALE!

A tract of land containing about 112 acres, well watered, within three miles of Winston, with considerable wood land and meadow thereon, for sale. The improvements consist of a dwelling, barn and tobacco barn.

Apply to L. V. BLUM, Salem.
T. R. PURNELL, Raleigh.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, ... 1883.
MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., ...
Last winter I was troubled ... most uncomfortable itching ... manifesting more especially my limbs, ... annoyed so intolerably at night, and burning ... intensely, but I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent. stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.
Best Purgative Medicine
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

FACTS REGARDING
Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

It will purify and enrich the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and RESTORE THE HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH! In all those diseases requiring a certain and effective TONIC, especially Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength, etc., its use is marked with immediate and wonderful results. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

LADIES peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. It gives a clear and healthy complexion.

The strongest testimony to the value of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is that frequent attempts at counterfeiting have only added to the popularity of the original. If you earnestly desire health and wish to experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BEST. Send your address to The Dr. Harter Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo., for our "DREAM BOOK," full of strange and useful information, free.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

WEEK'S READING FREE!
FOR SIX GOOD FAMILIES.

Send your name and the name and address of five of your neighbors or friends on a postal card and get free for yourself and each of them a specimen copy of

THE GREAT SOUTHERN WEEKLY,
The "Atlanta Constitution."

OUR THREE HUMOROUS WRITERS
"UNCLE REMUS'S" world-famous Sketches of the old Plantation Darkey
"BILL ARP'S" Humorous Letters fo the Home and Hearth Stone.
"BETSY HAMILTON'S" adventure told in the "Cracker" dialect.

Other Stories, Sketches of Travel, News Items, Fun, Adventures, "The Farm," The Household, Correspondence,

A World of Instruction and Entertainment.
Twelve Pages. The Brightest and Best Weekly Pleases every member of the Family.
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Address "THE CONSTITUTION," Atlanta, Ga.

Vick's Floral Guide,

For 1884 is an Elegant Book of 150 Pages, 3 Colored Plates of Flowers and Vegetables, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. It is handsome enough for the Center Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents.

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The FLORAL GUIDE will tell how to get and grow them.

VICK'S FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN, 175 PAGES, 6 Colored Plates, 500 Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE—32 PAGES, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents.

JAMES VICK,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Established 1819, and for more than a Third of a Century under the same management.

Devoted to FARMING, STOCK RAISING, FRUIT GROWING, MARKET GARDENING, the DAIRY, the POULTRY YARD, etc., etc.

Special attention is paid to **Fertilizers** and **Manures**, including those of commerce and the farm.

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are given to all those who will take time and trouble to collect subscriptions.

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The PRESS and the *American Farmer* will be clubbed together and sent to any address for $2.50 for one year.

Fine Berkshire Pigs.

I have for sale two litters of fine Berkshire pigs from imported registered stock at very

Reasonable Prices.

Apply to me at Salem, N. C., or to Daniel Rominger, Clemmonsville, N. C.

H. W. FRIES.

Dec. 10th, 1883–2 mo.

The Scene of Desolation.

The Panic at Steubenville—Girl Students who would not Room with Cattle.

A resident of New York, who has just returned from a tour through the inundated districts in Ohio and West Virginia yesterday told a *World* reporter some facts regarding the flood in Steubenville. The citizens of that city had made preparations for the flood, but on Wednesday, when the water came rushing through Market street at the rate of eight miles an hour, men, women and children in the tenement houses adjacent to the immense Jefferson Rolling Mills were driven from their homes. The mills shut down and the hundreds of operatives fled for their lives when the torrent came pouring into the windows. As they struggled to gain the higher ground they were met by a net-work of telephone and telegraph poles and wires overthrown by the flood. The water soon overleaped the high stone wall protecting the Young Ladies' Seminary and created great consternation among the occupants, some of the young ladies being frightened almost into hysterics. Skiffs, however, soon arrived with friends, who rescued as many of them as desired to leave the building. Many, and in fact the majority of the girls preferred to remain when told that all was safe above the first story. On visiting the gymnasium, however, it was found that the seminary cow and pig had taken refuge there, and the disgusted girls were compelled to watch the work of destruction from the study windows. Very little sleep was obtained there that night, although the strength of the large brick building inspired confidence that there was but little danger of casualty.

On the roofs of many of the houses sat families begging piteously to be taken off. Boats were employed all night to rescue them and no lives were lost. The water had driven the guests of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in Market street, to the upper floors and it soon reached the ceiling of the first floor. It was a night of terror to those who live in the bottom lands just below the city. The raging waters continued to creep up the banks, compelling those who had moved to move still further and those who had vacated lower stories for higher to desert their homes altogether. All night long crowds of people whose houses were safely situated on the hill, watched the rising waters. The immense gaspipe from the Jefferson gas well was ignited and gave a better view of the work of destruction.

Morning showed no change in the situation. Brick houses in the lower portion of the city were toppling over and as they fell loud reports were heard. Now and then a wooden structure would be torn from its foundations and after crashing into every obstacle in its path what remained of the wreck sailed out and joined in the race with Wheeling buildings for the Mississippi. From Thursday night until Saturday the city was without gas, the works being submerged. On Saturday morning the inhabitants received with joy the intelligence that the river was falling, and by noon the water had receded twelve feet. As it slowly fell an opportunity was offered to see the devastation wrought. In the Jefferson Mill district, where hundreds of the families of poor laborers resided, the buildings which remained were coated with yellow and brown mud nearly two feet thick. It covered the pavements, the roadways and the floors of the houses. Huge cakes of ice were stranded in front yards, and logs, timber, boxes, barrels and articles of every description lay on every street. Residents were busy cleaning out while the relief committee busied itself in giving aid. Railroad traffic was resumed on Sunday, and by Monday the water had receded almost entirely from the streets of the city.

1884 THE DAY. 1884

MORNING and EVENING.

☞ ALL THE NEWS. ☜

THE DAY for 1884 will embrace a Morning and Evening Edition.

THE MORNING EDITION will be an eight-page paper, cut and pasted, thus giving the most convenient form for perusal of a large newspaper, and enabling a better distribution of news and other reading matter, while allowing to advertisers the most attractive display possible.

THE DAY will aim to be the very best vehicle of news and organ of opinion. Its resources for gathering news are thorough, and it will not stint the account of matters of importance to a mere mention. It will gather its items from the whole world, and present them promptly and clearly, while it will give special attention to subjects of home interest.

The industrial resources of Maryland and the entire South will claim thorough and intelligent discussion, with a view to the promotion of whatever will tend to their healthiest developmeat.

In its EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, THE DAY will expound Constitutional Democratic principles, promote the policy of the Democratic party, and foster the political interests of the entire people. To that end, it will speak the truth fearlessly and candidly, in abiding conviction that whatever is clearly right cannot fail to be politic.

It will not, however, be confined to the domain of Politics, but give ample attention to Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Commerce, Mechanics, Manufactures, Agriculture, and every industrial sphere.

Its MARKET REPORTS, Domestic and Foreign, will be the fullest.

Its SHIPPING NEWS will be the freshest and most accurate.

PRICE TWO CENTS. Served by Carriers at Twelve Cents a week. Mailed, postage paid, for Six Dollars a year, or Fifty Cents a month in advance.

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"THE DAY,"
142 W. Baltimore Street,
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LOST! A pair of gold eye-glasses with chain attached, on last Thursday, after 4 P. M. The finder will please bring them to this office. Suitable reward given.

"A GREAT SENSATION."

Among publishers, manufacturers and business men, many inducements have been offered to the public for the purpose of promoting the introduction of various papers, or articles, but none of them equals the extraordinary chance offered by The World Magazine. In enlarging the circulation of their widely-known and splendid monthly publication, they agree to send you The World Magazine for one year, at the low rate of $1, and will mail it POSTAGE FREE to you. This offer is an exceedingly rare one, as at this price The World will cost less than ten cents per copy. In addition to this, the publishers agree to give you an equal opportunity FREE in their Grand Prize Distribution, in which $25,000 (seventy-five thousand dollars) will be distributed FREE to all new subscribers to the World Magazine. The company intend to distribute the $25,00 FREE to their patrons merely as an advertisement. The prizes will be distributed FAIRLY by a Committee, and any subscriber to The World Magazine can secure a Grand Prize Subscription Ticket, FREE OF ANY CHARGE.

Address: THE WORLD MAGAZINE, 28 and 30 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. They offer liberal inducements for those who get up Clubs. Any one sending them a club of five subscribers will receive a yearly subscription to The World Magazine, and a prize number and receipt FREE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
(For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

ALWAYS IN THE FRONT!

HINSHAW & BYNUM,
Wholesale and Retail Merchants,
DEALERS IN
FIELD SEEDS
—AND—
STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS,
WINSTON, N. C.

THE only mercantile house in Winston that has taken out a drummer's license and that travels a licensed salesman.

The only house in the city that has lady clerks.

Sole Agents for the sale of

T. MILES' SONS PHILADELPIA HAND MADE SHOES.

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J. A. Leach & Co's Thomasville Shoes,
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We sell at Factory Prices.

J. & P. COATS' SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON,
F. & H. FRIES' JEANS, ARISTA SHEETING AND COTTON YARN,
EAGLE & PHŒ

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9	Leaves Salem,	5.30 a. m.
" 10	Arrives "	11.38 a. m.
" 11	Leaves "	7.35 p. m.
" 12	Arrives "	12.41 a. m.

New Advertisements.

Land for sale, by John L. Steward, Executor of Nancy Reed.

Eggs of fine fowls—L. N. Clinard.

Remenyi—Academy Chapel.

IRISH POTATOES for sale. Enquire at this office.

—Slight snow Thursday night last.

—Don't forget Remenyi, at the Academy next Monday night.

—We notice several new buildings erected in West Salem.

—Shrove Tuesday next week, on the 26th inst.

—Dr. J. H. Wolff has returned from Forida, all right.

—Winston was overrun with commercial travelers last week.

FOR SALE.—A lot near the graded school. Enquire at this office.

—Rain, thunder and lightning, Tuesday night.

—Some one stole about a bushel and a half of seed corn from Amos Hartle.

—Mrs. W. H. Hall is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Foster, in Wilmington, N. C.

—Waughtown school closed yesterday, and also Flat Rock school, in Southfork township.

—Some farmers are afraid that the fly will get into the wheat, as it is growing so fast this warm weather.

—Judge Starbuck and J. L. Patterson have returned home from Washington.

S. F. Ewald and two children, from Wytheville, Va., are visiting the family of A. N. Reich, in this vicinity.

—We have again a few days of beautiful spring weather, but the roads are still in a very bad condition.

—Felix Pirandello, of Italy, is at the Salem Hotel, visiting his cousin, Sig. D'Anna. Wish him a pleasant time.

—School closes at Chestnut Grove on next Saturday, and not on first Saturday in March, as noticed in the PRESS last week.

—The Greensboro *Bugle* says: While most of the fruit was killed in the bud, there are still plenty of peaches and cherries left.

—The roads are almost impassable, in many places, and the road work needed last fall, now shows the folly of half and half way doing things.

—Zeno Sink and others will soon put up a saw mill near Salem Chapel. We are also told that there will be a saw mill put up in South Salem this spring.

—Addison Vance, of this place, and Mr. Bliss, of Pennsylvania, are opening a machine shop in the basement of Fogle Brothers large new building.

—Capt. Geo. E. Pond, assistant quartermaster, has been ordered to report in person to the commanding general, division of the Missouri, for duty on or before the 15th prox.

—S. A. Hege and lady occupy their new residence on Poplar street. F. D. L. Messer and lady occupy the former W. T. Vogler dwelling, recently purchased by Mr. Messer.

—The Salem Chautauqua Reading Circle will hold its monthly meeting on Tuesday evening next. It will be the Longfellow Memorial meeting. The Circle is in a flourishing condition and its members enthusiastic in their work.

—The ground being so wet on last Monday, Henry Jenkins' cellar caved in and undermined his chimney. The chimney fell and crushed the house roof, and broke the cupboard and some other furniture. The family escaped without injury. In Waughtown.

—The Inferior Court in Session last week, sentenced seven prisoners, three colored and two white to the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad, and two to the penitentiary. Sheriff Fogle accompanied them to their destination.

—Malohn Bitting, of Allentown, Pa., while fighting fire with a fire company, in that place, a brick wyll fell and crushed to death four of the company, Mr. Bitting among them. The deceased was some years since, a resident of this place, engaged in the cabinet business.

—Blind Tom played to a good house on Saturday night at the opera-house. All were highly pleased. Prof. D'Anna, of Salem Academy, played a composition of his own, which was repeated by Tom in a similar, but not complete manner. He is certainly a musical wonder.

SILVER AND GUN SMITH.—Mr. Fulk has opened a shop in the brick building above the residence of J. C. Fagg, where guns, pistols, clocks, watches and anything in that line can be repaired at moderate prices and at short notice. Repairing the old fashioned eight day clocks a specialty.

—We are pleased to hear the ring of the hammer in the tin shop of W. A. Reich, opposith Salem Hotel. Gus is one of the best workmen in town and we hope he will meet with encouragement. His patent combination egg-beater and churn will be extensively manufactured as soon as arrangements are perfected.

—At the joint meeting of the Young Ladies' and Young Men's Christian Union last week, Dr. Rondthaler delivered a very interesting lecture on "The Soudan." Miss Ward, of the Salem Academy and Henry Keehln, of this place, displayed considerable elocutionary powers. On Friday night, 22nd inst., an oyster supper will be given in the Museum building, for library benefit.

Died at his home near Mocksville, on Saturday night, Mr. Berry Foster, aged about 72 years. Mr. Foster was well known in this and adjoining counties. He had a stroke of paralysis in '81 followed by three others from which he never recovered.—*Times.*

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.—ALMOST A CYCLONE.—On Thursday morning last, about 5 o'clock, a heavy wind storm passed over this vicinity. On the plantations of Dr. Shaffner and Jonas Linebach, west of town, several buildings were unroofed, among them large barns. The dwellings were not materially injured. Many trees were uprooted and much fencing thrown down. Heavy thunder and lightning accompanied the storm, striking right and left in the woods west of town.

GARDEN SEEDS AT BLUM'S.

Black Wax Beans,
Golden Wax Beans,
Giant Wax Beans,
Lima Beans,

REMENYI.

The great violinist, Remenyi, will appear at the Academy Chapel on next Monday night, under special engagement with President Zorn, of Salem Academy, with a guarantee of at least a two hundred dollar house. This announcement ought to secure a good house.

Remenyi has a world reputation, and critics the world over have pronounced him the greatest musical wonder living.

So thorough a man of the world and accomplished litterateur and critic as Theophilus Gautier, in the *Universal*, of Paris, speaks thus enthusiastically and poetically of Remenyi's performance of a Polonaise of Chopin and a rhapsody of Liszt:

"Under his bow these strange and charming melodies took on a profound, sympathetic and penetrating accent—an accent exotic for ourselves, but national for others and the performer, and of irresistible effectiveness. As we listened we thought of the gypsies of Lenan. Nothing could be more weird, more capricious, more romantic, or deliciously wild. They contain themes of adorable suavity, freshness and tenderness, which sound like cradle songs of the world in its childhood, and swing to and fro in a hammock. Others flee suddenly, like deer, through a forest of trills, arpeggious and grace-notes, and reappear at intervals in the interstices of the musical embroidery. Remenyi possesses an irreproachable accuracy of intonation; the most risky tones in the most rapid movements, when the disheveled bow leaps deliciously over the strings, come forth, always clear and pure, and he renders the most difficult music in the most masterly fashion. Ah, is he not indeed the Paganni of the nineteenth century!"

Admission 75 cts. Reserved seats $1.00.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

[FROM THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.]

Mr. J. W. Reddick has bought property from Mr. R. K. Stone, and will at once put improvements on it.

Messrs. Strupe & Son contemplate engaging in the manufacture of tobacco, in Clemmonsville, at an early day.

Cooper & Johnson, a new firm, occupy a portion of the Fries building in Clemmonsville.

Rev. C. A. Gault, the new pastor of the Methodist church, in Clemmonsville, has settled in the village with his family.

Farmer still holds to his opinion that the dog is a noble animal. He writes that twenty sheep belonging to Mr. Philip Sowers, wore killed by dogs last week.

There was quite a sensation one day last week, over a lawsuit between Henry Easter and Thos. Hepler. Easter killed Hepler's dog. The court said that he must pay ten dollars and costs, amounting altogether to a little over twenty dollars.

Mrs. Chas. Noah died last Tuesday, of consumption. Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church. Her husband and several little children survive her.

The proceedings of the board of commissioners at their regular session last week, were of such a character as to be of little interest to the general reader.

Messrs. Kendall and Redwine were appointed a committee to settle with the county treasurer. S. W. Rice was reappointed keeper of the public buildings of the county. The coroner renewed his bond. The stock law tax for Lexington, Midway and Abbott's Creek townships was settled. The following list of jurors was drawn to serve at the next term of the superior court:

FIRST WEEK.—John Baily, Adam Clodfelter, Henry Waggoner, Jesse Gossett, C K Holmes, G F Smith, Sr, J R Hunt, George W Miller, Jesse A Swicegood, John A Myers, Alfred Hedrick, Philip Hedrick of Ridge, W H Sink, R F Clodfelter, J H Waiser, S S Lambeth, C E Idol, George A Hedrick, Robert Tysinger, Sr, of Mike, John H Warford, Gen G W Smith, B M Eddinger, Henry Darr, of Boone, R L Lore, William Copley, Thomas Pope, Pleasant, E Charles, J S Spurgeon, J R Caudle, S J Sink, John Nooe, A F Pickett, Henry J Berrier, Alexander Taylor, G W Greer, Jr, Joseph Hine.

SECOND WEEK.—W C Snider, David C Kimel, W F Motsinger, Aaron Yarborough, Isaac Dobey, Sr, Franklin Stewart, Jones H Lambeth, J F Phillips, David Grubb, Jr, James K Greer, Stephen H Harris, Wilburn Loftin, Philip Lopp, Troy Glasscock, S L Ceci, of Lexington, R T Pickens, William L Grimes, Samuel Everhart.

Salem Academy Fifty Years Ago.

Rev. Dr. J. E. Edwards, in Raleigh Advocate.

I frequently recur to old Salem, N. C., the quaint, little, squatty Dutch town, as it appeared to me in my boyhood. I see it now with its unpretending houses, with low eaves, and tiled roofs, and massive chimneys. It was a curiosity in itself. So unlike anything around it. Then the appearance and habits of the people were unique. A species of communism obtained among the inhabitants of that old town at the period of my first visit to it. There was but one Hotel—a low, spreading concern, with plain furniture, as I remember it. One baker, one shoe-maker, one hatter, one clock-maker, one tailor, and one everything else. The Female Academy was the central object, the redeeming feature of the whole town. It occupied a commanding position, overlooking the town, and the surrounding country. Then, there was the old Church with its bell, and organ, the Sister's House, and the Preacher's House; and a little way off from these more prominent buildings, the cedar-walk, and the burying ground.

My first, and, so far as I can now recall, my only visit to the old Moravian town was as early as 1829, now fully 54 years ago. It was on the occasion of what was then known as the annual public Examination at the Academy, and occurred about the last of the month of May. Such an occasion then attracted an immense concourse of people. Approaching the town by the old stage road leading to it from Greensboro, my first view of the curious old place was from a hill eastward of the town. From every direction the people were pouring in, crowding the Hotel, filling the streets, thronging the square in front of the Academy. Every fence corner had a horse hitched to it. German manners and customs prevailed. The German language was spoken to a great extent. To my boyish eyes it was a novel scene. I was a looker-on, and nothing escaped my observation. I only describe it as I now remember it, after the lapse of so many years.

The great centre of attraction was the Academy. At an early hour, the girls, in their uniform, the distinguishing feature of which was their neat little white caps, fitting closely over the ears, and tied with ribbons under the chin. Then, there were their flowing sashes, and white dresses, investing the procession from the Academy to the Church with a charm that attracted all eyes.

The public Examination in those days was more for spectacular display than for anything else. I have reason to know now what I did not know then—that everything was "cut and dried" for the occasion. There had been the previous drill. The public examination was a sort of "dress parade." The impression upon the spectators, who were not admitted behind the curtain, was that the girls were prodigiously smart, and that they were prepared to answer any questions that might be propounded, in History, Botany, Chemistry, or anything else comprehended in the scope of a scientific and finished education. I am speaking of the way things were done 50 years ago. Public examinations, after the mode described, no doubt have long since been replaced by something more modern, and in conformity with the prevailing usages of other institutions of the same grade.

At the time referred to, the old Moravian Academy at Salem was the leading institution for the education of young ladies in the whole of the Southern States. It was in existence with a large catalogue of pupils, long before a regularly incorporated *College* for the education of young ladies, was established in any part of the United States. As a consequence, it was patronized by the wealthiest and best families in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, and even from Mississippi and Louisiana. Parents took their daughters, in their own carriages, for hundreds of miles to this old Academy.

It was before the days of railroads. The only mode of conveyance was the old stage coach. But few, comparatively availed themselves of the public conveyance. Family carriages with trunks strapped on behind, and piled up with bandboxes and bundles within, were employed in conveying a father, and one or two daughters from Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia, and even from Alabama, over the public highways to Salem. On reaching the old Moravian town these daughters were turned over to the officials of the Academy, and were left there sometimes for two or three years—in some instances for a longer time—without ever seeing a solitary member of their families. Then they were under the strictest surveillance during the whole period of their tuition. They were denied the privilege of society outside of the institution. They neither wrote nor received a letter that did not pass under the eye of their Teachers. They slept on narrow, hard beds, and were restricted to a limited bill of very plain fare. Such was the condition of things at the time of which I write. About that time there was a little timid girl from the interior of Virginia, left there by her father, and who remained there for several years, without seeing a member of her family. That little girl grew up and returned home—almost afraid to speak to a gentleman from her long seclusion from society, and after so long a time became my wife; and that is how I came to know so much about the discipline and inside life of the old Moravian Academy more than fifty years ago.

This institution did more in the early part of this century than any other school in the South to turn out well-instructed and useful young ladies. Indeed, I may say *more* than any other, and all other institutions, for female education, from the Potomac to the Gulf. It was the pioneer school for higher female education in the Southern States.

As soon as the public Examination closed, the girls that were going to leave for a short vacation, or were leaving to return no more, were turned over to their fathers, or other members of the family who had come to take them home, and ere the sun had gone down they were rolling away with hearts as merry as the birds that were singing in the woods, and hastening homewards. Comparative silence came over the quaint little old town. The persons left behind were sad and lonesome. A few lights gleamed at night from the Academy windows. Scarcely a note of music was heard. The girls left behind were home sick. But the vacation was short. New scholars came in and soon the same old routine was established.

The Church festivals—especially at Christmas and Easter—were observed by the Moravians on a scale that gave relief to the inmates of the Academy. The "Love Feast," with the savory cake, as big as a saucer, and the odorous mug of coffee, were always acceptable to the girls, as it varied the bill of fare, albeit a moderate charge was found in the Bill, rendered the parent or guardian, for this little luxury. That was all right. The girls had no objection to this religious exercise. They did not care how often the "Love Feast" was held. The music in the Church, at public worship was always good. The recollection of it lingers like a dream of enchantment in the halls of memory. Many a mother, and grandmother, now scattered over these Southern States, recalls the music at Salem as one of the charms connected with her school-life.

How changed is Salem and its surroundings since my visit in 1829! How changed the Academy in many of its features, both as to its buildings, and its internal management and discipline! I only speak of these changes from hearsay. The Academy has been enlarged. Its discipline is less stringent. The young ladies have larger latitude. Its bill of fare has improved; and yet, doubtless retains a number of its original, distinctive features. Possibly, not so much time as formerly, is devoted to embroidery and needle-work. Not so many port folios and footstools are wrought. The dear, sweet, pretty cap is not worn now by the girls, as in the days of yore. Everything is modern; and yet the watchman, it may be, blows his trumpet, "all is well," as the successive hours are marked off by the town clock, in the night time. Dear old Salem! I remember it as a half forgotten dream.

I have written a historical sketch of the old Moravian Town, and its Academy, which will appear in Leslie's *Sunday Magazine* for *March*, where the reader can find something more at length, if inclined to pursue the subject further than is included in the foregoing random sketch.

It is hard for me to realize that a railroad runs by Salem, and that a thriving town, Winston, with its manufactories and fine stores, and its thousands of inhabitants, has grown up on the northern border of this quaint little old town. I love to think of Salem as it was long years ago, standing alone, surrounded by primeval forest, so unique—so isolated, as if it had sprung up by magic from the busy haunts of men. But the times change, and we change with the times.

We copy the above sketch, and supplement it with the following:

The public examinations were certainly great days as late as 1850 and '51, and many of the best people of the South, from Virginia to Texas were present. As to the "old fare" at the Academy, the health of the pupils was the first consideration, and the victuals were wholesome and well prepared though perhaps plain. It was the general remark of the patrons, at that time, that their daughters, often pale and sickly from the southern districts, were blooming in health and strength after a year or more in the old Salem Academy.

In those old times the matron, then known as "sick nurse," often acted in the capacity of physician, and the simple *herb* remedies, found in most old German gardens, were used with good effect. In case of epidemic diseases, the good sisters were real "sisters of charity," and the careful nursing had much to do with the recovery of the patients. This feature is still in vogue, and instances since the war have given additional proof of its excellence. It is well to look back to those days of simple, honest and careful christian, mental and physical training.

All the necessary discipline, calculated to improve the mind and the general health and deportment of the students is carefully retained and in full force. The daily evening walks, in room companies, still continue, and in the fair spring days, are often extended to a mile or more in the woodlands, collecting flowers and ferns for botanical study or preservation in the herbarium. The old "School Garden," so attractive in its day, with its winding walks, on the hillside and quaint, latticed pavilions or summer houses, one of which was built on the edge of the steep hill, has been sold. The new pleasure grounds are in the rear of the Academy buildings and embrace a beautifully wooded lot of several acres, ornamented with the traditional 'Summer House,' serpentine walks, and terraced flower-beds. A deep ravine, through which a brooklet meanders over its pebbly bed, is spanned by several rustic bridges and seats are made in every available nook and corner. The old water works now abandoned, is near by, and smaller works on the grounds, pump from the well-known spring at the foot of the steep hill, a supply of water. The grounds are kept in good order and considered among the finest in the State, almost approaching a park in extent. For several years a small herd of deer has been kept in an inclosure near the grounds.

The New Academy buildings are large and massive, and well arranged. The recent improvements in the dormitories and bathing rooms, are excellent and the class rooms are in keeping with modern modes of instruction. The examinations formerly held privately and lasting two weeks, were very thorough, and during the few hours of the public examinations, the patrons were frequently asked to test the scholarship of the young ladies. This invitation were within our recollection, accepted by several gentlemen, with the most favorable results. Since then public examinations have been abolished, the examinations are now principally in writing, especially by the senior and graduating classes, and conducted by the principal in person.

As to the town itself, many changes have taken place, yet numerous old landmarks are yet as of yore. The Sisters' House, Widows' House, Land Office building, Shaffner's Potter Shop, (the first house, built in 1766), Salem Hotel, and here and there a dwelling still wear the garb of a century ago, and will do so probably many years to come. The public "Square" is much the same, and the Cedar Alley has lengthened, and the old cedar trees are as green and thrifty as ever. The grass is now shorn by a lawn mower and the walks are hard and firm; altogether the cedar avenue and graveyard have improved with age. While the trades were restricted in 1829, now any one can work and do as he pleases, and own his premises in fee simple. The Factories, known all over the South, as that of the Messrs. F. & H. Fries, are constantly being improved. Hege's Iron Works, Fogle Bro's Saw and Planing Mills, Wachovia Steam Flouring Mill, old Salem Mill, and numerous smaller industries have sprung up until the Salem of to-day stands well up with the times. The past year has been a prosperous one, and more new buildings have been put up than ever before. The hammer and the saw are heard on every hand, and the outlook is fair for continued prosperity.

Waughtown, which was in '29 a small hamlet, has grown to be quite a town, and noted for its wagon manufactories now numbering three. The prospect of a continued town from Wm. Spach's Wagon Shops in Waughton, to the Tin and Copper Smith Shop of Edmond Blum, in Winston, a distance of nearly five miles, is very probable as buildings are going up all along the road, within sight of each other.

AN OYSTER SUPPER

will be given by the Young Mens' Christian Union, on February 22nd, in the Museum building. The proceeds to be used toward the establishment of a good library.

Closing out at Cost.

With a view to a change of busines, I will sell my stock of Notions and Fancy Goods at and below cost.

J. BLICKENDERFER,
Salem, N. C., Feb. 7, 1884.

MARRIED.

At East Bend, Yadkin county, by Rev. M. J. Hunt, Mr. JULIUS SHORE to Miss F. E. SPEAS.

On Sunday the 17th inst., by Rev. A. W. Craft. Mr. J. H. FINCH, of Yadkin county, to Miss LAURA BINKLEY, of Forsyth.

At the residence of the bride's parents, in Houstonia, Pettis county, Mo., by the Rev. W. M. Wood, Mr. JNO. L. KILLION to Miss MARY A. HAMMACK.

DIED.

At his residence, in Davidson County, on the 15th inst., EDWARD FOLTZ, after a lingering illness, aged about 66 years. His remains were interred at Friedberg church, on Saturday afternoon last.

THE GREAT VIOLINIST,

REMENYI,

ACADEMY CHAPEL,

MONDAY EVENING, FEB'Y 25th.

Tickets on sale at Sm'th & Brown's Drugstore, Winston and J. Blickenfer's, Salem, from Friday 22nd.

General Admission - - - 75 cents.
Reserved Seats - - - - $1.00.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.

HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

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Eggs For Hatching.

PURE BROWN LEGHORNS
of Bonny and Summit Lawn strains.

PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS
of Philander Williams and G. H. Burgott strains.

I will also sell three pairs Buff Cochen chickens, Doolittle strain, and three Georgian white game cocks, Beldon and E. R. Spauldings strain.

Prices reasonable.

L. N. CLINARD.
Salem, N. C., Feb. 18, 1884-4t.

VALUABLE
LAND FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers at public auction on

SATURDAY, MARCH 15,

a valuable tract of land containing

63 ACRES,

lying on the Kernersville road, about two and a half miles East of Waughtown, consisting of considerable WOODLAND, a good MEADOW and balance of land in a good state of cultivation.

The improvements consist of a DWELLING HOUSE, Barn, and other buildings, a good Orchard, and an excellent spring of water.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises. Terms made known on day of sale.

JOHN L. STEWARD,
Executor of Nancy Reed, dec'd.
Feb. 20th, 1884.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having taken out Letters of Administration, according to law, on the estate of Jacob L. Fulkerson, deceased, hereby gives general notice to all creditors of said estate, to present their claims properly authenticated, before the 16th day of February, 1885, otherwise, this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. Persons indebted to the estate are respectfully requested to make payment immediately.

JAS. T. LINEBACK, Adm'r.
Feb. 13, 1884.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Dempsey Bailey, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against his estate, to exhibit the same to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of February, 1885, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

R. D. BAILEY, Adm'r.
Feb. 12, 1884-6w.

JAMESTOWN
NURSERIES.

J. M. KEARNS, representing the above Nurseries, is canvassing this County, and will be pleased to take orders for FRUIT TREES, VINES, SHRUBBERY, &c., at prices to suit everybody.

The orders are taken for Spring delivery on March 8th, at the Railroad Depot.

We know the above Nurseries and can recommend their stock.—[EDS.

NOTICE
To All Tax Payers.

ALL those who are due a Poll Tax, listed or unlisted, not paid by the 1st day of March must not think it hard if they are returned insolvent to the Commissioners as the law directs. All tax payers must not think it amiss if they have to pay cost after the above date, for the taxes are bound to be collected.

They will be able to find myself or deputy at the Court House every day until that time.

A. FOGLE, Sheriff.

Garden Growth Teas.

FAMILIES can save about one-half by sending to us for teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years.

THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN TEA CO.

Send for Circular, which gives prices and full particulars, to

ROBT WELLS, Prest.,
P. O. Box 1287, 43 Vessey St., N. Y.

ONE DOLLAR'S worth of any of our garden growth. China or Japan Teas sent by mail, post paid, or a LARGER quantity by express, charges paid.

Feb. 7, 1884-3m.

MORAVIAN HYMN BOOKS at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

☞ 50 dozen pairs Mens', Ladies' and Childrens' SHOES to arrive at the Salem Shoe Store next week. 2t.

☞ C. R. Welfare opens a nice Shoe Store in about two weeks. 2t.

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FOR FINE

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1865 ——— 1884

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average prices in all the
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☞ FOR SALE by Agents at all p
Sections of Virginia a

Tomb Stones
AT REDUCED PRICES.

I have reduced the price on all kinds of plain Tombstones.

I will make it to your advantage to come and see me.

I am here all the time, and give my *personal attention* to every order.

I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.
Jan. 1st, 1884.

DR. J. C. ECTOR,

HAVING removed to Liberty Street, in Winston, offers his professional services to the citizens of Winston, Salem and surrounding country. With a practice of twenty-five years he hopes to have a liberal patronage.

OFFICE second house North of First National Bank.
Jan. 2, 1883.

R. B. KERNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE.

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THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.
SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

T. R. PURNELL,

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RALEIGH, N. C.

STAFFORD MILL.

Having repaired the Stafford Mills and secured the services of one of the best Millers in the country, I am now prepared to do as

GOOD WORK

as this mill ever did, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the surrounding country.

W. B. STAFFORD.
Forsyth Co., Jan. 29th 1883.

EASTER TERM, extending from January to March, of the Eighteith Annual Session of

SALEM ACADEMY

begins January 7th, 1884.
Spring Term begins April 1st.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to cut down or remove any trees or wood from our premises in South Fork township without our permission, under penalty of the law.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Forsyth County, N. C., Sept. 18, 1883.

Langs Live Seeds, The Cheapest, the Freshest, the Purest. They never fail to grow and give a liberal crop. 300 Flower Seeds, 300 Vegetable Seeds, 65 Field Seeds, 20,000 Catalogues to give away, send for one. Local Agents Wanted everywhere.

Fred N. Lang, Baraboo, Wis,

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botanical Reports; supplemented by accurate County Reports of Standing Forests, and illustrated by an excellent map of the State. 1 volume 12mo. Cloth, 273 pp., $1.25.

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☞ DIARIES.— A few Diaries on hand at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

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The Old Virginia Plant.

While nature has been sparing in giving us an abundance of her valuable minerals, she has by an All-wise provision been generous in the prolific distribution of such vegetation she has given for medicine, and science in its eager search for the rare ones, has overlooked this fact. How many of us seeing the common Mullein plant in the old fields and waste places; the beautiful Sweet Gum tree bordering our swamps, have thought that in each there was a principle of the very highest medicinal virtue. It is true that the Cherokee Indians knew of it years ago, but not until recently have it begun to attract the attention of the Medical world, and now the long forsaken Mullein plant ranks among the first, and all the medical journals are heralding its grand effects.

In TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN, the mullein tea is combined with the Sweet Gum, and by its use Consumptives are relieved and mothers made happy in curing their little ones of Croup and Whooping-Cough, and all suffering from Lung and Bronchial diseases are troubled no more.

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SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

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A FLOWER GARDEN FOR $1.00
50 packets choice Flower Seeds (our selection), including WILD GARDEN SEEDS (a mixture of 100 varieties of Flower Seeds), for $1.00.
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BOTH the Flower and Vegetable Seed Collections, and Bliss's Illustrated Gardener's Hand-book telling you how to grow them, for $1.75.

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Raise Plants.

A lady whose beautiful plants are the delight of her life and the envy of all her acquaintances, revealed the secret of her success for the benefit of the readers of the *Evening Post* the other day. The soil is, she says, about two-thirds good garden soil and the rest is sand. It is kept light and very loose about the roots; they are watered as they appear to need it, and not according to any particular rule; but the chief reason for their wonderful growth and bloom is this: "When any of the leaves wither and fall, instead of picking them up and throwing them away, I make little rolls of them and tuck them down in the earth and let them decay; and this is the only fertilizer I have ever used. This," she added, modestly, "seems to be nature's way. And the plants that have the afternoon sun only, grow and rival those that have the morning sun."

Coarse Feed for Sheep.

If a meal of concentrated food, such as cornmeal and oil cake, be given sheep once a day, the straw and other coarse material will answer well for them in place of hay, provided it is cut fine, salted, and placed where they can eat all they wish. It may not be relished by some to be reminded of the fact that there is a saving in cutting straw, and even cornstalks for sheep, but the saving in the waste of a large flock compensates for the work, although but little work is usually done at this season. The object in cutting is to induce them to eat liberally of it, as it can be easier prepared when fine, leaving the better quality of hay for the horses and cattle. Sheep, while not rejecting any kind of food at times, are still capable of selecting that which is good, and a well prepared mess of finely cut stuff, salted to taste, will be acceptable at all times. If preferred, the mass may be sprinkled with cornmeal or oatmeal, or a change to sliced roots twice a week is still better. Well managed sheep give greater profits at all times.

Best Feed for Hens.

Considerable difference should be made in the feed of poultry, according to their breed. The brahmas, cochins and their crosses are quiet, lazy sorts, and consequently fatten more easily than such as are fond of roving around at considerable distance from the house, such as Leghorns, Hamburgs, game, etc. Little corn or Indian meal should be fed to the former, except in the coolest weather, and then we only make it about half their rations. In spring and autumn we give them all they are inclined to eat during the day, a pudding made of one-third Indian meal and two-thirds wheat bran, with a sprinkling of whole oats, late in the afternoon on the ground in the yard or near the house, for them to scratch and pick up just before going to roost. In summer we make the pudding only one-fourth Indian meal and three-fourths wheat bran. In this about half a gill of pure, strong brine is mixed to each gallon. A little brine is very healthy in the food of poultry, but it must not be taken from the meat barrel. A tablespoonful of sulphur is excellent to mix once a week in the pudding, as this keeps lice out of the hens, and in addition is healthy for them. So is the same quantity of wood ashes, or a gill of fine charcoal dust. The hens ought to have a grass plot to run on. If this cannot be had give them some boiled vegetables or raw cabbage leaves. In summer, grass can be cut for them and put in their yard. Lettuce and spinach are excellent things when no other green feed are to be had, and we cultivate these in our garden especially for them. For the most active breeds of fowls we give a greater proportion of Indian meal in their pudding. If this can be mixed with skim milk it will be all the better for the production of eggs. Whole wheat is an excellent egg producer.—*Bee and Poultry Magazine.*

Philosophy of Green Manuring.

The following article from the *Spirit of the Farm* presents in a concise way the philosophy of green manuring: "Many persons have an idea that it is necessary to burn plants in order to procure potash. They also think vegetable matter must pass through the digestive organs of animals in order to be of value as manure. The truth is fire does nothing toward the production of potash or any mineral salt. It simply destroys the vegetable, leaving the mineral substance free. No kind of vegetable matter is as valuable for manure after it has passed through an animal as it was before. In truth, the most valuable substance it contained went while in the animal to repair wastes in the body to build up new tissues or to form milk. The inferior portions of the food, unsuited to these purposes, were voided as excrement. The coarse portions of the food that were voided were probably benefited by passing through the digestive organs of the animals, as they were softened and put in a condition to be more readily decomposed. The most rational method of increasing the fertility of the soil is to plow under the crops that grew upon it. A person may argue that there is no gain of fertilizing matter by this practice, since nothing is returned to the soil except what came from it. Such, however, is not the case. Plants do not exist on surface soil alone. A large portion of the bulk and weight of plants is derived from the air. Another portion comes from the soil far below where the plow reaches. Lime and potash are obtained in this way, while carbon and nitrogen are taken from the air. The leaves of the plant are the great feeders, and they draw nothing from the soil. The roots that enter the subsoil, and those of many plants do, take nothing from the soil that stimulates the growth of the majority of food plants. By bringing plants that obtained their growth chiefly from the air and subsoil the fertility of land may be very greatly increased. By the use of different fertilizers it is difficult to determine how abundantly soil may be made to produce. Green plants decay very quickly when they are buried, especially if they are turned under before their stalks have become dry. The sap in them insures their speedy decay, and also helps decompose other substance in the soil. By plowing them under before they are ripe there will be no trouble from the seeds. There is always advantage in plowing under vegetation when it is covered with dew, as it will decay much more rapidly. Green manuring has been recommended for restoring fertility to soils that no longer produce crops worth the trouble of harvesting. It is obvious that such soils will not produce much to turn under. Very poor soils must receive a base of some stimulating manure, like hog manure or blood fertilizer, before they will produce a crop worth turning under. Rye is one of the best crops to raise for plowing under. It is inferior to red clover, but much more cheaply produced. Peas are good, and so is buckwheat, if it is buried before the grain matures.

Farm and Garden Notes.

The best orchardists agree that the orchard should be cultivated and cropped occasionally, believing that it is better that the land should be exhausted a trifle than that the orchard should become what is termed hide-bound.

Surface manuring, says Colman, is especially effective on sandy soils, and a light dressing yearly is far more beneficial than heavy coatings once in three or four years. But the best results on sandy soils is when they are dressed with a compost of manure and clayey muck.

Every grower of seedling potatoes, says the New York *Tribune*, well knows that it takes from three to five years to fix the shape, color and type of any seedling, and that by careful selection he can almost produce a potato to order. By taking advantage of the tendency to improvement we can constantly improve any variety we choose.

A prominent New York farmer, whose crops are proverbial for their abundance, uses no other fertilizer than land plaster and clover. His plan is to sow clover, plaster it so as to secure rank growth and turn under for his other crops, wheat included. He has kept up this plan for over fifty years, and claims that his farm is growing more valuable each year.

A hog will live in a small box that he can crawl into to get out of the snow, but a hog or other animal that just lives is an expensive sort of a boarder for a man to keep. Six to seven months is long enough to make a nice piece of pork from any well-bred, weaned pig, and he who takes a year for it is pretty sure to throw away three or four months feeding material.

The manure from a certain number of fowls if carefully saved and properly applied will pay for their keep. It should be kept dry in winter and be mixed with an equal bulk of plaster. In spring work it over, making it as fine as possible. At planting time put a tablespoonful in each hill for corn or potatoes, mixing it well with the soil, so that the seed does not come into direct contact with it.

Good blood is no doubt necessary to success in stock raising and in fattening cattle, but it is not all; feeding and general management are what secure success. Take a highbred cow and give it the treatment usually given an ordinary cow, and you will see how quickly she will run down; or take the ordinary cow and treat her as well as a pedigreed animal and in a short time the change in the way of improvement would be so great that you would not know her.

Experiment has shown that if a portion of the eye of potatoes is cut out or injured it causes the remainder to push forward more vigorously. In a whole potato it is rare that more than three or four eyes grow. By cutting in two or three pieces and removing part of the eyes on each, they will all produce strong shoots, if the pieces are not afterward injured by heating from being piled in two large heaps. It will make a great difference to the coming crop if potatoes intended for seed are spread thinly in a light place, where the temperature remains a little above the freezing point.

Household Hints and Recipes.

Apple fritters make a nice entree to be served with roast duck.

Freaks of Watches.

"Decidedly, watches are queer things, said D. H. Hopkinson, of the New York *Jewelers' Circular*, seated in the easy chair of his editorial sanctuary. "They possess some unaccountable peculiarities. For instance, some time about the beginning of last summer, when there had been a succession of fine displays of the aurora borealis, it was estimated that in a single night in the city of New York the main-springs of not less than 3,000 watches broke. This estimate is based on actual inquiries. Fine, sensitive watches are peculiarly liable to be affected by electrical atmospheric disturbances. During the months of June, July and August, when these phenomena are most frequent, there are more main-springs broken than during all the remaining months of the year. They break in a variety of ways, sometimes snapping into as many as twenty-seven pieces.

"It is a fact that since the introduction of the electric light has become so general, a large number of watches, some of them very fine ones, have become magnetized. While in this condition they are useless as timekeepers. This defect used to be considered incurable, and because of it thousands of watches have been thrown away after much money had been spent on them in vain attempts to persuade them to keep good time. Among the methods resorted to were washing the parts in garlic juice, refinishing and passing them through the fire. But all these devices were entire failures or only in part effective. I know of a man who had a fine and valuable movement which kept excellent time. He transferred it from a silver case to a second-hand gold one. Immediately it lost all its characteristics of steadiness and reliability, and, in fact, did not keep time at all. When replaced in the silver case it kept good time again. The owner, a jeweler, puzzled himself and experimented in vain to discover the cause of this strange partiality on the part of his watch for silver. He discovered that the lifting-spring of the gold case had become magnetized. On substituting another for it, the watch kept as good time in the gold case as in the silver case."

The century plant, which takes a hundred years to ripen in the north, takes but twelve years to mature in California, and takes only five years in Mexico.

TALES OF THE HUMORISTS.

WAGGISH STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Serious Case—An Improved Opportunity—All Bustle—Proceedings of the Limekiln Club—Topnoody.

A SERIOUS CASE.

A violent ring at the door and the doctor poked his head out of an upper window and demanded:

"What's wanted?"

"For pity's sake make haste," came back the answer. "It's a case of life and death. I'm Mr. Simpson, and you are wanted at the house immediately."

The doctor closed the window, and in about fifteen minutes later sauntered leisurely out of the front door and said:

"Ah, Simpson, your wife has another fainting spell, I suppose?"

"No, no; worse than that; it's her little dog, her pet poodle. He's all rolled up with cramps."

"What!" shouted the now alarmed physician, "her pet poodle sick? This is indeed serious. If he should die your wife wouldn't live a week."

And the two men dashed madly up the street.—*Philadelphia Call.*

AN IMPROVED OPPORTUNITY.

On Washington street, the other afternoon, the mass of snow upon the roof of a high building began to slide, and fell in a white and smothering cascade upon the crowded sidewalk. One unfortunate man was caught by it and completely buried from sight. Immediately the people who had avoided a share in his misfortune rushed to his assistance. One man groped in the snow and caught him by the leg; another got a purchase on his arm, and others gripping him by clothing and body, in due time he was brought to his feet again. He presented a sorrowful spectacle, however. His hat looked like a half-inflated concertina, his coat was torn, and his collar hung only by the button on the back of his shirt, and wherever he disclosed a lodging-place for the snow in his raiment or person, there the chilling element had established itself. He was apparently lifeless, also, and a great crowd collected, with every manifestation of sympathy. The stranger soon revived, he sighed and opened his eyes, the flush of life returned to his ashen check. He saw the concourse about him and smiled, opened his mouth to speak, and as the people crowded around to hear him, said: "Ah—h! that was a narrow escape for me. The perils of winter, even in this temperate zone, are indeed fearful. But how much more terrible are they in the frozen regions of the Pole! I have here" —and he opened a satchel which had survived the shock—"the new book describing the sufferings and death of the De Long party, for which I am taking subscriptions, and which I should be pleased to sell you at"—but here somebody yelled that another snow-slide was coming and the crowd vanished like smoke.—*Boston Journal.*

ALL BUSTLE AND —

Colonel Percy Yerger called last week on the widow Flapjack to negotiate for temporary board during the season of the Texas legislature, and upon entering her residence he found everything in a state of disorder, preparatory to the expected influx of poker experts and statesmanship.

"I see, madam," said Colonel Yerger, "that you are all bus'le—"

"Sir!" interrupted the widow Flapjack, "what do you mean?"

"I notice that at the present moment you are all bustle—"

"Colonel Yerger!" shrieked the indignant woman, "why do you seek to wrong and insult a lone widow who depends on her own wits and the generous patronage of her boarders for a living? This is, indeed, cruel. Oh, Potipher Flapjack! Why did you die and leave me to be taunted by the pitiless world on my infirmities of dress and personal appearance?"

"Madam," said Colonel Percy Yerger, "believe me, nothing was further from my intentions. I was merely remarking on the common, everyday fact that you were all bustle, and—"

"There you go again—insult after insult! Get out of my house, you monster. I may be young and unsophisticated, but I can avenge myself. Git."

"All right," said Colonel Yerger, backing down the steps, and falling over a slop-pail. "You may be young and tender as a spring chicken, but I assure you, madam, that for all that you are all bustle and confusion, and I don't want to board in such a demoralized place, anyway."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Hamiltonian Smith arose to make an inquiry. He had often been asked if it was forbidden in the constitution or by-laws of the Limekiln club for a member to hold a position under the State or United States government.

"I should reckon it wasn't!" replied the president as Smith sat down. "De members of dis club kin hold any sort o' posishun dey kin git, from sellin' red lemonade in de big circus tent to conductin' de pension buro at Washington. De only by-laws on de subjeck am to forbid de club, as a club, from givin' bonds fur de honesty of any member holdin' a posishun whar he kin do any stealin.'"

Major Chapultepec Green secured the floor to inquire if the president intended to be understood as doubting the honesty of members of the club? That is, if Waydown Bebee, for instance, was a clerk in the city treasurer's office and had a chance to lay his hands upon $10,000, would he do it?

"He probably would, sah! Dat is, dar' am so many probabilities dat he would pocket de money an' skip fur Yurrup dat de club wouldn't go on his bond. When white men all ober de kentry am daily sellin' out deir reputation fur honesty fur a few hundred dollars apiece, it wouldn't be safe to leave a black man alone wid a package countin' up into de thousands."

Land Officer Baker, chairman of the committee on ways and means, reported that after four months of investigation and correspondence his committee had finally secured the services of a weather prophet for the club. They had sent him a dollar bill for a sample of his predictions, and he had promptly returned the following:

"February will be soft and mild, and robins and bluebirds will be in great demand. You can take off your undershirts and sell the balance of your coal."

"March will come in early and prove eminently satisfactory. Hurry up your plowing and plant your peas and cucumbers. House-rent will fall at least $2 this month, and the season for getting trusted at the grocers' will open ten days earlier than usual."

The chairman stated that the name of the prophet was Uncle Payson Stubbs, and that he would bind himself to predict solely for the Limekiln club at a salary of $1 per month.

On motion of Bombazine Howells the offer was accepted, and it was ordered that all the fines collected for spitting on the stove should be turned into the weather prophet fund.—*Free Press.*

TOPNOODY.

Mr. Topnoody was buttoning up his coat to go downtown Monday night, and as he closed in with the fire, he remarked to his wife:

"My dear, this is a terribly cold night."

"Yes, Topnoody, quite cold enough for a seal-skin sack."

"But, my dear, I don't think it will last," he continued, not recognizing the hint or the interruption.

"No, I don't think it will. In fact Topnoody, I feel quite sure that by next July there won't be enough frost in the ground to kill a potato-bug."

"My dear, you are getting to be real funny, ain't you?"

"Oh yes, I've been reading the funny newspapers, and I have to do something to dispel the gloom."

"I think, my dear, that this is the coldest weather I ever experienced."

"Possibly, Topnoody, but that is not my experience."

"No? Why, my dear, we have always lived in this neighborhood, and I certainly would remember any colder weather than this."

"I don't care what you remember; I know what I know."

"You were never any farther north, were you?"

"No."

"Then, my dear, I am sure you are mistaken. I have kept a record of the weather, and I know the temperature of every day for the past thirty years, and none is colder than this.'

"There is one day you haven't recorded, Topnoody, but I've got it down in my mind and have had it there fresher every hour since its occurrence."

"And are you sure that it was a colder day than this?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Well, I'd like to know what day it was so I can make a note of it."

"It was the day, Topnoody, that I married you, and the more I think of it and of you, the more I am convinced that it was the coldest in my life, and you know me well enough to know that it is only on a very cold day—"

"Good evening," said Topnoody, making a break for the door.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

The Slums of London.

On Saturday night, says a writer in the London *News*, the public houses and gin palaces take in one-fourth of the daily earnings of the denizens of the slums for a week. Enter the public houses and you will see them crammed. Here are artisans and laborers drinking away their wages that ought to clothe their little ones. Here are the women squandering the money that would purchase food, for the lack of which their children are dying. One group rivets the eye of an observer at once. It contains an old gray-haired dame, a woman of forty and a girl of about nineteen, with a baby in her arms. All these are in a state which is best described as "maudlin"—they have finished one lot of gin, and the young woman is ordering another round. It is a great-grandmother, grandmother, and a mother and her baby—four generations together—and they all dirty and dishevelled and drunk, except the baby, and even the poor little mite may have its first taste o alcohol presently. It is no uncommon sight in these places to see a mother wet a baby's lips with gin and water. The process is called "giving the young un' a taste," and the baby's father will look on sometimes and enjoy the joke immensely. But the time to see the result of a Saturday night's heavy drinking in a low neighborhood, is after the houses are closed. Then you meet dozens of poor wretches reeling home to their miserable dens. Some of them roll across the roadway and fall, cutting themselves till the blood flows. Every penny, in some instances, has gone in drink. One dilapidated, ragged wretch I met last Saturday night was gnawing a baked potato. By his side stood a thinly-clad woman, bearing a baby in her arms, and in hideous language she reproached him for his selfishness. She had fetched him out of a public house with his last halfpenny in his pocket. With that halfpenny he had bought the potato which he refused to share with her. At every corner the police are ordering or coaxing men and women to "move on." Between 12 and 1 it is a long procession of drunken men and women, and the most drunken seem to be those whose outward appearance betokens the most abject poverty.

Turn out of the main thoroughfares and into the dimly-lighted back streets, and you come upon scene after scene to the grim, grotesque horror of which only the pencil of a Dore could do justice. Women with hideous, distorted faces are rolling from side to side shrieking aloud snatches of popular songs, plentifully interlarded with the vilest expressions. Men as drunk as themselves meet them; there is a short interchange of ribald jests and foul oaths, then a quarrel and a shower of blows. Down from one dark court rings a cry of murder, and a woman, her face hideously gashed, makes across the narrow road, pursued by a howling madman. It is only a drunken husband having a row with his wife. Far into the small hours such cries will ring here.

To Wear Uniforms.

On and after May 1 the male employes of the United States Lighthouse Establishment, including about twelve hundred lighthouse keepers and the keepers and crews of lightships and tenders, will be obliged to wear a regulation uniform of blue, with cap or hemlet and brass buttons. Many of these men are stationed on remote headlands and islands along the coast and do not visit the haunts of men from one year's end to another. These will not be able to display their gorgeousness save to the observant waterfowl and contemplative clam, but the lighthouse board, which has ordered the uniforming, believes the men will be all the better for it. The department is under a species of military discipline, and military clothes, it thinks, will enhance the *esprit de corps* of the organization. The men will be furnished with their uniforms at $17 each for flannel and $21 for kersey suits. The regulation buttons will be ornamented with the monogram "U. S." and the letters "L. H. E." signifying lighthouse establishment.

Captain George N. Brown, United States Navy Lighthouse inspector of the Third district, which embraces the territory between the Massachusetts line and Barnegat, also the Hudson river and Lake Champlain, said that all the 300 men under him were pleased at the order. They could get a first rate suit of clothes at a much lower price than in any other way. Captain Brown thought it would be well for the government to provide uniforms free of charge, as the men in the department do not receive very high pay.

Ida Lewis and her sister lighthouse keepers, of whom there are a few in the service, will not share in the privileges or penalties connected with the uniform rule, nor will those holding acting appointments or working as substitutes be permitted to don the blue and brass.—*New York Herald.*

The Secret of Longevity.

A French medical man who has just died at the age of 107, pledged his word to reveal the secret of his longevity, when no more, for the benefit of others. It was stipulated, however, that the precious envelope containing the recipe for long life was not to be opened until he had been buried. The doctor's prescription, now made known, is simple enough, and easy to follow; but whether it is as valuable as he pretends is extremely doubtful. He tells his fellow-men that if they wish to live for a century or more they have but to pay attention to the position of their beds. "Let the head of the bed be placed to the north, the foot to the south, and the electric current, which is stronger during the night in the direction of the north, will work wonders on their constitutions, insure them healthful rest, strengthen their nervous system, and prolong their days." It is, he adds, to scrupulous attention to the position of his bed that he ascribes his longevity, the enjoyment of perfect health, and the a[illegible] firmity.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The "Bay Psalm Book," published at Cambridge in 1640, was the second book printed in British America. It went through seventy editions.

In France, until the introduction of postage stamps, and the rule of double postage for unpaid letters, it was considered ill-bred to prepay a letter addressed to a friend.

In Paris there are men who make a living by collecting linseed plasters from the hospitals, pressing the oil from the linseed and selling the linen to the paper manufacturers.

The ways in which the memory begins to fail are often very curious. There is a case on record of a man who could never remember words beginning with "d," and another person attached no idea whatever to the figure "5."

After the Crystal Palace (London) exhibition in 1851, a curious fashion came up of giving Greek names to dress goods and wearing apparel, and the result was very funny. Antigropelos shoes and Eureka shirts were among the queerly-named articles.

Recent experiments in German schools have shown that the difficulty in reading black letters on a white ground compared to that of reading white on a black ground is as 421 to 496, and, therefore, the slate and the blackboard will probably fall into disuse in the empire.

According to a recent authority a Japanese fish, known as Fuku, is so poisonous that death follows almost instantaneously after eating only a moderate piece of it. It is not unfrequently the cause of death among the lower classes, who believe it to be possessed of certain marvelous properties, on account of which they risk the danger of being poisoned.

On the top of the Washington monument, at a height of four hundred and ten feet, great quantities of bees and wasps have been seen, and, strange to say, rats even find their way up there after crumbs from the luncheons of the workmen. Three large rats found there made their exit by jumping down the interior of the column, finding sure death at the bottom.

Origin of Names of the Fabrics.

Everything connected with one's business is of importance. Very few dry-goods men know the origin of the names of many of the goods they handle. They may seem trivial points, but they are of interest to the man who seeks to be thoroughly familiar with the merchandise in which he deals. For the information of such we give the derivation of the following goods: Damask is from the city of Damascus; satins from Zaytown in China; calico from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth and where calico was also printed. Muslin, is named from Mosul in Asia. Alpaca, from an animal in Peru, of the llama species, from whose wool the fabric is woven. Buckram takes its name from Fostat, a city of the middle ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffeta and tabby from a street in Bagdad. Cambric from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize for Bajac; dimity from Damietta, and jeans from Jean. Drugget is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Tomas Blanket, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woolens into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woolen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as is sometimes stated, but from the Greek diaspron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian vellute, woolly (Latin vellus—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit sala, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from an Indian word, to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz comes from the Indian word chett. Delaine is the French "of wool."—*Trade Journal.*

Invention of Glass.

The popular belief credits the invention of glass to the Phenicians, and our readers will recall, no doubt, the story of its fortuitous discovery by Phenician merchants who rested their cooking-pots on blocks of natron (sub-carbonate of soda), and found glass produced by the union of the alkali and the sand of the sea shore. It is unquestionable, however, that the art of glass making and glass working has been known from very remote times. The earliest example of glass of which the date has been preserved by an inscription, is of Egyptian origin. It is a small lion's head of opaque blue glass. It was found at Thebes by Signor Drovetti, and is now in the British museum. The underside of this relic contains hieroglyphics which bear the name of an Egyptian monarch who lived about 2,400 B. C. Other relics of glass bearing inscriptions have been found among the ruins and tombs of that ancient nation, and in the tombs of Beni Hasin, which are at least as early as 2,000 B. C., the art of glass-blowing is represented in an unmistakable manner.—*Boue Bells.*

Married a Rich Wife.

"Ethel," said the teacher, "whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulder?" "Atlas, sir." "You're quite right," said the teacher. "Atlas supported the world. Now who supported Atlas?" "I suppose," said Ethel, softly —"I suppose he married a rich wife."

A Military Man Made Happy.

Washington, D. C.—General G. C. Kniffin, in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacobs Oil, writes that after witnessing its magical cure of pain he would cheerfully pay $100 for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.

Iron masts are now being put into large ships in place of the old-time wooden masts.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, intermittent fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

Of all European countries, Ireland has the least number of Jews in it.

No disease can show such quick results as heart disease; do not delay, Dr. Graves Heart Regulator is a specific. $1 per bottle at druggists.

THE thread of a story is generally caught by the eye of the reader.

Favoritism

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

PLAY-TONIC affection—Going out between the acts at the theatre.

"We know Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will cure heart disease. Thirty years' use and many persons of prominence testifying to prove it."—*Readerille Press.* $1 per bottle

LIGHT literature—The chandler's journal.

If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs and fear consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

NOT born to blush unseen—The nose.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Prevent malarial attacks by invigorating the liver with Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator

A LONG spell—A Russian pet-name.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

The Fate Which Overtook the "City of Boston"—Captain Murray's Ideas and Experiences.

A few years ago, the City of Boston sailed from harbor, crowded with an expectant throng of passengers bound for a foreign shore.

She never entered port.

The mystery of her untimely end grows deeper as the years increase, and the Atlantic voyager, when the fierce winds howl around and danger is imminent on every hand, shudders as the name and mysterious fate of that magnificent vessel are alluded to.

Our reporter, on a recent visit to New York, took lunch with Captain George Siddons Murray, on board the Alaska, of the Guion line. Captain Murray is a man of stalwart build, well-knit frame and cheery, genial disposition. He has been a constant voyager for a quarter of a century, over half of that time having been in the trans-Atlantic service. In the course of the conversation over the well-spread table, the mystery of the City of Boston was alluded to.

"Yes," remarked the captain, "I shall never forget the last night we saw that ill-fated vessel. I was chief officer of the City of Antwerp. On the day we sighted the City of Boston a furious southeast hurricane set in. Both vessels labored hard. The sea seemed determined to sweep away every vestige of life. When day ended the gale did not abate, and everything was lashed for a night of unusual fury. Our good ship was turned to the south to avoid the possibility of icebergs. The City of Boston, however, undoubtedly went to the north. Her boats, life-preservers and rafts were all securely lashed; and when she went down, everything went with her, never to reappear until the sea gives up its dead."

"What, in your opinion, captain, was the cause of the loss of the City of Boston?"

"The City of Limerick, in almost precisely the same latitude, a few days later, found the sea full of floating ice; and I have no doubt the City of Boston collided with the ice, and sunk immediately."

Captain Murray has been in command of the Alaska ever since she was put in commission, and feels justly proud of his noble ship. She carries thousands of passengers every year, and has greatly popularized the Williams & Guion line. Remarking upon the bronzed and healthy appearance of the captain, the reporter said that sea life did not seem to be a very great physical trial.

"No? But a person's appearance is not always a trustworthy indication of his physical condition. For seven years I have been in many respects very much out of sorts with myself. At certain times I was so lame that it was difficult for me to move around. I could scarcely straighten up. I did not know what the trouble was, and though I performed all my duties regularly and satisfactorily, yet I felt that I might some day be overtaken with some serious prostrating disorder. These troubles increased. I felt dull and then, again, shooting pains through my arms and limbs. Possibly the next day I would feel flushed and unaccountably uneasy and the day following chilly and despondent. This continued until last December, when I was prostrated soon after leaving Queenstown, and for the remainder of the voyage was a helpless, pitiful sufferer. In January last, a friend who made that voyage with me, wrote me a letter, urging me to try a new course of a treatment. I gladly accepted his counsel, and for the last seven months have given thorough and business-like attention to the recovery of my natural health; and to-day, I have the proud satisfaction of saying to you that the lame back, the strange feelings, the sciatic rheumatism which have so long pursued me, have entirely disappeared through the blood purifying influence of Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure which entirely eradicated all rheumatic poison from my system. Indeed, to me, it seems that it has worked wonders, and I therefore most cordially commend it."

"And you have no trouble now in exposing yourself to the winds of the Atlantic?"

"Not the least. I am as sound as a bullet and I feel especially thankful over the fact because I believe rheumatic and kidney disease is in the blood of my family. I was dreadfully shocked on my last arrival in Liverpool to learn that my brother, who is a wealthy China tea merchant, had suddenly died of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and consider myself extremely fortunate in having taken my trouble in time and before any more serious effects were possible."

The conversation drifted to other topics, and as the writer watched the face before him, so strong in all its outlines and yet so genial, and thought of the innumerable exposures and hardships to which its owner had been exposed, he instinctively wished all who are suffering from the terrible rheumatic troubles now so common might know of Captain Murray's experience and the means by which he had been restored. Pain is a common thing in this world, but far too many endure it when they might just as well avoid it. It is a false philosophy which teaches use to endure when we can just as readily avoid. So thought the hearty captain of the Alaska, so thinks the writer and so should all others think who desire happiness and a long life.

THE ladder of success—The steps of the savings bank.

Catarrh —For fifteen years I have been greatly annoyed with this disgusting disease, which caused severe pain in my head, continual dropping into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. By a thorough use for six months of Ely's Cream Balm I have entirely overcome these troubles. J. B. CASE, St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and 11th St., N. Y. Not a liquid or snuff.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beef cattle, good to prime l w	12¼	@	13
Calves, com'n to prime veals	7	@	10¼
Sheep	4¼	@	6¼
Lambs	6¾	@	7¾
Hogs—Live	5	@	5¾
Dressed, city	7	@	7¼
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	3 45	@	6 00
West. good to choice	3 65	@	6 90
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 02	@	1 02¾
No. 2, White	1 12	@	1 12¾
Rye—State	71	@	72¾
Barley—Two-rowed State	70	@	73
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed	49¾	@	61
Yellow Southern	64½	@	68
White State	44½	@	47
Mixed Western	39¾	@	39⅞
Hay—Med. to pr. Timothy	55	@	95
Straw—No. 1, Rye		@	60
Lard—City Steam	9 25	@	9 35
Butter—State Creamery		@	41
Dairy	22	@	32
West. Im. Creamery	21	@	27
Factory	10	@	20
Cheese—State Factory		@	13½
Skims	4	@	7½
Western	10½	@	11
Eggs—State and Penn	33	@	36
Potatoes—State bbl	1 00	@	1 60

BUFFALO.

Steers—Good to Choice	5 50	@	5 90
Lambs—Western	4 75	@	6 75
Sheep—Western	3 90	@	4 75
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks	6 20	@	6 30
Flour—Cy ground n. process	5 80	@	5 90
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 14¾	@	
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New	52½	@	
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	35	@	
Barley—Two-rowed State	78	@	80

BOSTON.

Beef—Ex. plate and family	14 50	@	15 00
Hogs—Live	5¾	@	6¼
Northern Dressed	7	@	7¾
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	13 50	@	14 00
Flour—Winter Wheat pat's.	6 25	@	6 50
Corn—High Mixed	69	@	70
Oats—Extra White	47	@	48
Rye—State	75	@	80

WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.

Beef—Extra quality	6 75	@	7 37½
Sheep—Live weight	2¾	@	5½
Lambs	5	@	5¾
Hogs—Northern, d. w		@	7¾

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Penn. ex family, good	4 80	@	
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 03	@	1 04
Rye—State	60	@	65
Corn—State Yellow	58	@	
Oats—Mixed	43	@	
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	20	@	30
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	12½	@	12¾

Though Salt Rheum

Does not directly imperil life, it is a distressful, vexatious and resolute complaint. Patient endurance of its numerous very small watery pimples, hot and smarting, equires true fortitude. If the discharged matter sticks, itches, and the scabs leave underneath a red dened surface, the disease has not departed, and Hood's Sarsaparilla, in moderate doses, should be continued.

Famous Case in Boston

"My little 4-year-old girl had a powerful eruption on her face and head. We had to shave her head. In three weeks, with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores began to heal; two bottles made her eyes as clear as ever. To day she is as well as I am."—JOHN CAREY, 164 D street, South Boston.

"I suffered with salt rheum eight years, and found no relief in the medicines I used, nor in the physicians employed. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. My son was afflicted with salt rheum also and it cured him."—MRS. F. M. HIGGINS, Gloucester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. Price $1, six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

No Rest Day or Night.

In the fall of 1875 my sufferings were terrible. I was swollen to such proportions that I feared my limbs would burst. I had the best medical talent obtainable, and at the worst stage of my illness, when my husband and many friends had given me up to die, the late Dr. John Woodbury made a thorough examination of my water, and pronounced my case acute kidney disease, bordering on Bright's disease, and accompanied by gravel, and recommended the immediate use of Hunt's Remedy. At this time I was suffering most terrible pain in my back, limbs, and head, and could find no rest day or night for weeks, and I was growing weaker daily until this kind physician ordered me to take Hunt's Remedy. Before taking half of one bottle I commenced to improve, and after taking six bottles was entirely cured. This was nearly eight years ago, and I have had no return of the disease. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to others in similar cases, and it has never failed to cure. I have also used it for sick headache, and found in it a sure relief. I think it the best medicine made, and cheerfully recommend it to all.

Mrs. W. H. STILSON,
No. 16 Tyler St., Boston, Mass.
April 18, 1883.

A Well Known Man.

Hunt's Remedy having been recommended to me for kidney and liver complaints, I purchased some at the "People's Drug Store" and used it in my family, and found it to be a very valuable medicine, and I gladly recommend it highly to my friends, knowing it to be beneficial to those troubled with kidney or liver disease.

Respectfully yours,
ELISHA NOYSE.
April 14, 1883. 63 G St., So. Boston, Mass.

A Last Manufacturer.

I have used Hunt's Remedy for the kidney complaint, and, having been fully restored to health by its use, I can testify to its value.

Daily I recommend it to some one of my friends, all of whom I know have been benefited by its use. Gratefully,

GEO. P. COX.
Malden, Mass., April 23, 1883.

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